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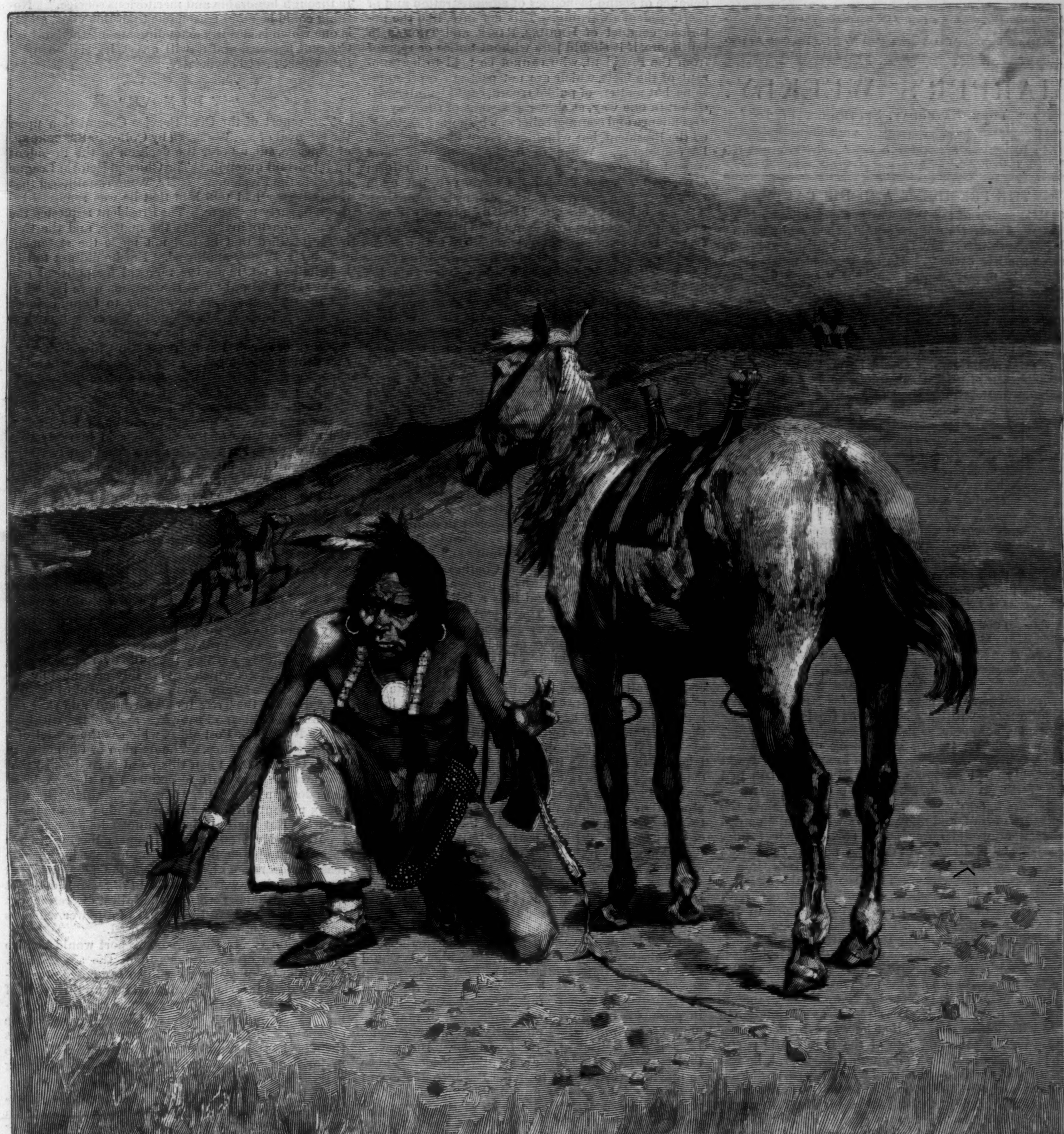

BURNING THE RANGE.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 671.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, September 17, 1887.

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THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PARTY.

THE action of the Democratic Conventions of this year forecasts unquestionably the nomination of Mr. Cleveland. But Democratic hostility to him is none the less evident. He is sustained not because the party managers like him, but because they are aware, and indeed frankly admit, that no other Democratic candidate would be probably elected. This conviction, which is well-founded, is the involuntary confession that the President is much stronger than his party. If it should put him aside and nominate any other candidate, it would be probably defeated. His election in 1884, which the *Tribune* no longer attributes to Mr. Burchard's alliterative speech, but to the Mugwumps, was not due to preference of the Democratic over the Republican party, but to greater confidence in Mr. Cleveland than in Mr. Blaine. The silly effort to persuade honest men to vote for a man whom they believed to have trafficked in his official place for his own advantage, upon the ground that he was the candidate of a good party, failed ignominiously. The independent vote of 1884 was cast for Mr. Cleveland as against Mr. Blaine for the purpose of defeating Mr. Blaine. The address adopted by the Conference of Republican and independent voters in New York said,

> "The Republican nomination has for the time suspended all other issues by raising the question of official honesty."

And in commenting upon the action of the Conference, Harper's Weekly said:

> "The Conference represented those who, with no declaration of other common views and purposes, unite to vote for Mr. Cleveland in order to make their opposition to Mr. Blaine most effective."

The independent vote was cast for Mr. Cleveland all the more willingly because as Governor of New York his course in support of the reform movement was acceptable to the great body of independent voters. But that course and his known views would probably not have produced the Mugwump bolt had any other prominent Republican been nominated.

The situation undoubtedly has changed since the election of 1884, and many voters who then supposed that they would immediately resume their former party relations have not done so, and may never do so. They have found that at present an independent position is satisfactory. They see that the disasters predicted from Republican defeat have not occurred, and while there is great personal confidence in Mr. Cleveland, there is not, so far as they see, a restoration of public trust in the Democratic party. This is largely due to the obvious fact that the President is sustained by the Democratic party not because of his reform views, but in despite of them, and also because his failure fully to enforce his views is due to the opposition of his party. His strength as a candidate in 1884 lay not in the fact that he was a Democrat, nor that he was the candidate of the Democratic party, but in the belief that, although a Democrat, he was a man of certain convictions which his party did not share, and of independence and courage. Whatever tends to diminish this belief weakens Mr. Cleveland as a candidate. The Boston *Herald*, an independent journal, says that a Republican ticket of Hawley and Lincoln would draw off a large Mugwump vote. The Springfield *Republican*, a journal of the same character, thinks that Mr. Robert T. Lincoln would be a very strong and attractive Republican candidate. The New York *Evening Post* says that if Mr. Cleveland sustains the Gorman ring in Maryland it will cost him a large share of the support that he received upon grounds of civil service reform. The New York *Times* says that public confidence in the President is diminished by his failure to do what he should have done in enforcing reform. These remarks of independent friends and supporters of the President show plainly that just in the degree that the Democratic party subdues him to its will in regard to partisan changes in the civil service, just so far he loses the confidence that elected him in 1884.

It is this consideration which gives such importance to the Executive indifference to flagrant disregard of the circular forbidding the interference of office-holders "in the manipulation of political primary meetings and nominating conventions." The large and active attendance of Democratic office-holders at the late Pennsylvania Convention, and the active participation in the meeting of the New York Democratic State Committee of the newly appointed Auditor of the Custom-house and the Deputy-Collector, who is secretary and executive officer of the Civil Service Examining Board, and especially an official representative of reform, were in open and contemptuous defiance of sound principles of administration and of the President's warning. This defiance, like the notorious conduct of Higgins, Rasin, and Thomas in Baltimore, if it should pass without notice or reproof from the President, who cannot be held to be ignorant of the facts, which are not partisan representations, but matters of public record, could be interpreted but in one way, as showing a want of the very independence and courage belief in which not only elected the President, but which has given him great public confidence. When the independent vote shall come to the conclusion that the progress of reform depends, not upon President Cleveland, but upon the Democratic party, as represented by Senator Gorman and others of the same kind, its interest will naturally turn from the President to the Democratic party, and the Democratic party, triumphant both over reform and the President, will not be an inspiring spectacle. The sincerity of the President's views and his personal good faith are not questioned by any one except his partisan opponents. But evident inability, from whatever reason, to enforce his views, while it would not show that any probable Republican President would be either better disposed toward reform or more able to advance it, would emphasize the fact that while reform is not to be expected from either party as at present constituted, the larger number of positive friends of reform are not in the Democratic party.

FACTS AGAINST DEMAGOGUERY.

ONE of the constant illustrations of political demagoguery in this country is the denunciation of convict labor as the rival of outside industry. It is an outrage, we are told, upon the free and innocent laborer that his work should be brought in competition with that of prisoners who are supported by the State, and who labor without responsibility and without expense. The late report of the Commissioner of Labor, Mr. Carroll D. Wright, throws a great deal of light upon this subject, and it is a light which, like all light, is purifying. The report is a treasury of information, and deserves general attention. The whole number of prisoners included by the Commissioner in his tables is about 64,000, which is probably not the actual total by 15,000 or 20,000, but which embraces all who are engaged in productive industry of any kind. The producing power of convict labor is about one-fourth less than that of free labor, so that the actual product of convicts in the United States is less than two per cent. of the total production of free laborers in the same industry. But wages are not determined by the number of laborers or the producing power of any special industry, but by the total production of all the industries, and reckoned upon this basis the product of convict labor is only $\frac{54}{100}$ of one per cent. This is practically imperceptible in its influence upon the work or wages of free laborers, except in a very few branches.

But as the cost of the convicts was $8,000,000 during the year, and the product of their labor was rather less than $29,000,000, and their producing power is one-fourth less than that of free labor, their competition was less within the prisons than it would have been outside of them. Moreover, their idleness would not only have imposed the cost of their support upon the outside community, but it would have increased the future cost at compound interest, because idleness in prisons is in the highest degree fatal to the reformation of criminals. Practically, therefore, convict labor is not a grievance for free labor. But nevertheless the Commissioner apparently considers it to be so much a grievance as to make the introduction of machinery into prisons undesirable. The effect of this system, however, would be an increase of special competition, because it would restrict convict labor to a few branches, which in that case would feel a competition which is imperceptible when generally diffused. If convict labor is desirable, which nobody believes more sincerely than the Commissioner, it should be made as effective as possible. The true objective point of the penal system is reformation, and to reformation every kind of industry and every incentive to honest labor are necessary. To transform a criminal into an efficient workman is a benefit to society. But no proper prison system can be maintained if it is to be affected by ignorant demands which disregard the public welfare.

Those who are experts in prison discipline and management—and the subject is one upon which such persons alone can speak with authority—are agreed, as General Brinkerhoff, of Ohio, says in his paper read at the late National Conference of Charities and Correction at Omaha, that, regarding reformation as the chief object of prison labor, the contract system should be abolished. If, however, the prime object be to make money for the State and secure the support of the convicts, contract labor offers the easiest and surest course. But General Brinkerhoff, who is himself an authority, holds that no change from the contract system can be made successfully until the whole prison management is organized on the basis of integrity, capacity, and experience, and partisan politics are effectually excluded. "Prison officers," he says, "like army officers, should have a special training for their work, and promotion should come solely through honorable and meritorious service." Nothing could be more reasonable than this view, and it is one which is steadily extending among the most intelligent persons, and it will affect legislation upon the subject most beneficially.

"IT DO MOVE."

THE report of the Civil Service Commission upon the removal of Mr. Webster by Collector Seeberger, of Chicago, submits for the decision of the President an important question. The Chicago Reform League stated to the President that Mr. Webster alleged that the Collector had told him that he was removed because of party pressure. The President requested the Commission to investigate the matter, and the Collector testified that he had not made the statement which Mr. Webster alleged. But he did not testify that he had not made the removal for political reasons. He said only that the reasons were locked in his own breast. This, according to Commissioner Edgerton, is the end of the matter, because no officer is bound to give reasons for removals. Mr. Edgerton further attacks the motives of the Chicago League, and denounces the reform associations in general as superserviceable meddlers. The tone of his report is wholly partisan, and assumes that the complaints of the associations are covert Republican assaults upon a Democratic Administration, although Mr. Starr, the representative of the League, said in reply to a question of Mr. Edgerton's that he and nearly all the Executive Committee of the League as individuals supported Mr. Cleveland in the election of 1884.

In the face of the Collector's unqualified denial it was impossible for the Commission to allege an improper motive, although Commissioner Lyman says that the testimony justified a suspicion of political reasons for the removal. But the majority of the Commission differ emphatically from Mr. Edgerton in holding that reasons for removal should be filed, and they condemn severely his gratuitous arraignment of the reform associations. There are undoubtedly some considerations that would make a statement of reasons for removal in certain cases inconvenient and undesirable, but they are quite overborne by other considerations which are forcibly presented by the majority of the Commission. A statement of reasons is required in the Treasury Department, and they are given in the Chicago Post-office, and are not withheld in the New York Post-office, which is the model of a reformed public office. The opinion of the majority of the Commission upon this point is so decided that we presume they will recommend to the President the adoption of a rule. Strictly speaking, the majority present their views as an opinion, and not as a report. But the President cannot adopt the formal report of Mr. Edgerton without adhering to his theory that an appointing officer, by refusing to state reasons for removal, may defeat the acknowledged purpose of the law. A statement of reasons does not interfere with an exercise of the fullest discretion, but it goes far to prevent the misuse of a power which is notoriously and outrageously abused.

Adoption of Mr. Edgerton's report would be also the adoption of his attacks upon the associations. But if the Commission were to be composed of members holding the views and animated by the spirit of Mr. Edgerton, the reform cause would be unfortunate except for the vigilance and intelligence of the associations. One passage in the report illustrates the amazing progress of the reform sentiment. The majority of a commission composed of men of strong party sympathies says,

> "No degree of activity in effort to advance the interest of the party opposed to the Administration should, provided his partisan activity in no way interferes with his public duties, render insecure in the service of the government the position of any person who does not occupy a place the discharge of the duties of which affects public policies."

This is a very strong statement—stronger, indeed, than many of the warmest friends of reform would approve, because it might serve as a plea for Higgins. But the principle of political independence here asserted is unquestionable, and the assertion is most significant. The removal of a clerk in the public service for political reasons, which a few years since was not only the most common incident, but was held to be the duty of a good officer, and essential to our party political system, is now the subject of investigation by an important bureau of the government and of report to the President. We may say of reform as the Rev. Mr. Jasper says of the sun, "it do move."

AN INDEPENDENT VIEW.

The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* not uncourteously suggests to Harper's Weekly that if a journal does not propose to support the Republican candidates next year, its advice to the party is a little superfluous, if not impertinent. But this is a mistaken view of the office of a journal which is not a party organ. Harper's Weekly discusses public questions upon their merits, and it comments upon the action of parties and the political situation not as related to parties, but to the general welfare. In pointing out that this or that course would be advantageous or injurious to this or that party, it states what appears to it to be best for the general welfare.

Party success is illegitimate and betrays its own purpose if it is achieved by tricks and lies and appeals to mere prejudice and passion. It is legitimate only when its candidates are unexceptionable, and when voters are persuaded by its honest arguments. Consequently to urge parties to nominate such candidates and to take in general an honest course is to advocate what is best for the common interest. The probable action in any particular election of any journal which holds this position has nothing whatever to do either with the duty of the party or with the right and duty of the journal to declare its own views both of parties and of the situation. If, as the *Democrat and Chronicle* thinks, Mr. Blaine is the true representative of the character, principles, spirit, and purpose of the Republican party, the party will probably nominate him, whatever the Mugwump press may say. Moreover, if he be such a representative, the declaration of that press that it would or would not support another candidate ought not to influence the decision of the party, because no party ought to try to win votes under false pretences.

The Mugwump press is constantly assured that it has no constituency but a few hundred Pharisees. Their vote, therefore, cannot be of the least importance to a great party. Yet the *Democrat and Chronicle* says that the Mugwump action in 1884 was cruel and unjustifiable. But how could it be cruel and unjustifiable for a few hundred honest Americans to decline to support for the Presidency a candidate whom they believed to have used his public office for his private advantage? Of course the *Democrat and Chronicle* did not agree with them. But it would hardly question their honesty, or assert that Republican success with Mr. Blaine was more vital to the national welfare in 1884 than with General Grant in 1872. Nobody is authorized to speak for the independent vote. But, in our opinion, the more completely the Republican party is identified with Mr. Blaine, the larger will be the independent vote which will be withheld from that party.

NOXIOUS SNIVEL AND SENILE GANGRENE.

The late Pennsylvania Democratic Convention was controlled by Mr. Randall. Mr. Scott, of Erie, who was regarded as the leader of the President's friends in the Convention, was compelled, as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, to report Mr. Randall's platform, and Mr. Randall expressed himself satisfied with the completeness of his victory. Mr. Randall is a protectionist, and, as a correspondent remarks, "has the pull" upon his party in the State. It is pretty clear, therefore, that revenue reform is not a Democratic principle, unless the party in Pennsylvania "flocks all by itself."

But Mr. Scott was a droll representative of the President. In his County Convention to elect delegates to the State Convention Mr. Scott's influence was supreme, and one of his friends, Mr. Mizener, was made chairman. Mr. Mizener's address was an expression in a few words of his position as a party man.

> "I have always been a straight Democrat, and never bolted the ticket. My principle is that public office is a public trust, to be held by Democrats when that party is in power, and by Republicans when they are in power. Any other doctrine is noxious snivel and hypocrisy. I stand on that platform."

On that lofty platform the Republican Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, stands side by side with the Democratic chairman Mizener. As the Democratic chairman holds the President's views to be noxious snivel, the Republican Senator classifies them as senile gangrene. Both speak for party politicians like themselves. Reputable Republican journals in Massachusetts, to which State Senator Ingalls addressed the letter from which we take the elegant extract, declare his sneer to be an insult to his party. But Chairman Mizener was applauded by the Convention, and we have seen no Democratic protest against his views.

WHAT AN OLD REPUBLICAN SAYS.

An original Republican in Ohio, writing to another in New York who supported Mr. Cleveland in 1884, says in a recent letter—and his words are very significant and suggestive of the present feeling of thousands of old Republicans:

> "I fully agree with you as to the leadership and tendency at this time of the Republican party; I also agree with much that you say of Cleveland; and yet my future political course is undetermined. I hesitate to separate from that body of men who fought the good fight for freedom, who maintained in council and in the field the Union, reformed the Constitution, and re-established the finances. The future welfare of the country, I think, is in the keeping of these men. They may be asleep now, but when the need comes, like the strong man in Milton's metaphor, they will awake and shake their invincible locks. I distrust that body of men who strenuously opposed each step taken in that good work; I almost tremble when I recall that but a single life interposes between them and power; not that I feel they would unsettle the Union or disturb the amendments, but I distrust their capacity for administration: the suspended Bland bill and disordered finance rise before me.
>
> "In addition, local politics come near to us. And here, while Ohio Republican leadership is weak, Democratic leadership is wicked. It is not exaggeration to say that in Cincinnati Democratic leadership means confiscation and bankruptcy. It touches our daily bread. Tweed rule in New York opposed by a single paper is the McLean-Payne rule in Cincinnati. For the moment it is overthrown, but it is not crushed. Honest Democrats, like Isaac Miller, Theodore Cook, the Pendleton men, have bravely come to the aid of the Republicans. But here they have not had the hearty support of the President; McLean, through Payne, rules in Ohio appointments. There are some notable exceptions, but as a rule the President's appointments in Cincinnati are of a lower order. Yet he has thus far resisted much that is bad.
>
> "Thus you see that opposition to Democratic rule in Ohio is fundamental—it is simple self-preservation. How to reconcile this opposition with support of a Democratic candidate for the Presidency is the question. I hope that something may happen to relieve us from the Blaine candidacy."

A LETTER FROM REV. HEMAN LINCOLN.

"'STRIKE, BUT HEAR.'

> "*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*
>
> "The hundred thousand subscribers to Harper's Weekly form a court more august and terrible than that famous Westminster tribunal before which Warren Hastings trembled. It was unpleasant, therefore, to find myself summoned by name to its bar and arraigned as a minister and theological professor for the alleged crime of 'a wanton disregard of truth.' The charge is a grave one, and is likely to be repeated in scores of journals which look to Harper's as a safe authority. Such a charge ought to be sustained by clear and conclusive evidence. I beg leave to cross-examine the testimony.
>
> "You cite as sufficient proof a paragraph from a letter to the Boston *Journal*. It refers to the course of the president of the Civil Service Reform League at the annual meeting in 1886, and says: 'He resorted to a ruse which anywhere than in a convention of moral reformers would have been called a cunning dodge. In his opening speech as president he apologized for silence on the acts of the Administration, because it would be his duty as chairman of a committee appointed for the purpose to make an elaborate report. The report was looked for eagerly, but it never came. It would have been fatal to President Cleveland's claims as a reformer, and Independent pride in the candidate of their choice proved stronger than Independent honesty.'
>
> "Your article says the report alluded to as 'never given' appeared last March, and therefore I was guilty of an untruth in saying 'it never came.' I was speaking, however, only of what was said and done at the Convention, and made no reference, however remote, to what has happened since. I think still I was telling the unadorned truth when I said that the president did not allude to removals from office in his opening speech, because it was his duty to report on the subject at a later stage, and that the Convention adjourned without hearing the report. As the only interest the public took in the meeting was in the report on removals by the Administration, with criticisms on the course pursued, the disappointment was universal. I stated the fact strongly that the expected report was not given *at the Convention*. The language can mean nothing more, for the suggestion of a ruse would be pointless unless it were limited to the Convention. It was impossible for the readers of the *Journal* to attach any other meaning to the words, for I had already given them a letter on the report of March, 1887, commending its frank confession of unpleasant facts, but criticising its barren conclusions. After such a letter it would have been worse than absurd to affirm that no report had been made. I cannot plead guilty, therefore, to the charge of 'a wanton disregard of truth,' and I think the intelligent readers of Harper will give a verdict of acquittal."

Mr. Lincoln adds some considerations which he thinks warranted his view, but they add no force to the statement of his understanding of the matter. He then proceeds:

> "I am still in the dark, in common with the public, in reference to the alleged reasons for suppressing the report in the Convention. If the president can say without demur that it was not prepared when the Convention met, or that no objections were made by delegates to its publication, I will confess frankly that my strictures were unjust and my inference uncharitable. But I cannot confess, nor do I believe, after this explanation, the readers of Harper would wish me to confess, that I was guilty of 'a wanton disregard of truth.' I believe only and ever in fairness and candor in dealing with opponents, whether political or religious.
>
> "Heman Lincoln.
>
> "Newton Centre, *September* 3."

Mr. Lincoln stated, without qualification or implication of any kind, that the report "never came." He says that he meant that it did not come at the meeting. But he admits that if the report was not ready, and was expected to be published, his strictures were unjust. The published record of the meeting shows that the president stated that the report was not prepared, and that the League continued the committee to prepare it as soon as practicable. It is this fact which Mr. Lincoln was morally bound to know before publicly charging other men with dishonesty, which made his disregard of the truth wanton.

ANOTHER DEMURRER.

That the sectional issue will not be acceptable to all Republicans, and that the most ardent Republicans see the hollowness of the assertion that Republican restoration is the sure remedy for the suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States, are shown by such a letter as the following, which is one of many:

> "Upon the Southern question, as revived by Governor Foraker and others, permit a Republican in Kansas to offer another demurrer in support of that of your Ohio correspondent demurring to Governor Foraker's argument in the *Forum* as a text. To quote:
>
> "'Myself a loyal member of that political organization, I agree with countless other members of our party, and right-thinking citizens everywhere, in deprecating this line of argument as unpatriotic, inconsistent, and impolitic. It is strikingly inconsistent for any complaint of Southern misrule to emanate from a leader of the Republican party.'
>
> "*Strikingly* inconsistent! It is strikingly, kickingly, gougingly, and bitingly inconsistent for any member of the Republican party—especially for a leader in that party—to complain of 'Southern misrule' or 'suppression of the colored vote' as an argument for restoring the Republican party to power. But what shall we call this line of argument when it irresistibly reaches back to that cowardly lapse from duty which permitted such a thing as 'Southern misrule,' or the suppression of a single colored vote, or of a white vote, in the South or in the North, or anywhere that our flag floats?
>
> "In 1865 the Republican party, having suppressed the great Southern misrule, had power to say who should vote and who should not; and now having lost that power by a weak shirking of plain duty, isn't it more and worse than inconsistent to make that loss itself an argument for restoration? And more and worse still, will not this whine for a restoration be met by the blunt answer that we didn't keep our power when we had it; so why restore it?"

THE UTE TROUBLE.

The settlement of the Ute difficulty implies that they are the injured party in the recent trouble. They claim certain lands in Colorado, which undoubtedly will be wrested from them if possible, and under some pretence, by the whites. There is no evidence that they had resorted to violence to assert their claims, and were, in fact, perfectly quiet under a pledge to return to their reservation, when they were attacked by a force of militia and cow-boys, who killed a child and wounded a man and woman, and it is also stated that the Ute squaws have disappeared.

So far as can be learned, it was an unprovoked assault, which the Utes resisted, and they withdrew to their reservation, which the cow-boys and militia proposed to attack, but were restrained by a force of United States troops. Happily General Crook is in command, and no wrong will be done to the Indians so long as he has the authority and the force to prevent it. There are civil processes to be served against some of the Indians for horse-stealing, but he will not allow the warrants to be made the pretext for further injury to the Utes. The compensation awarded the Indians for cattle stolen by cow-boys is a substantial confession that they have been wronged.

This incident is a characteristic addition to the shameful record of our treatment of the Indians. We are very fluent in denunciation of the English government for the wrongs done in Ireland. But it is a black chapter which narrates our conduct toward the Indians. From the beginning we have taught them to distrust the white man, while they have shown entire readiness to treat him as a friend when he has shown himself to be honest and friendly.

PERSONAL.

W. Byrd Page, the young Philadelphian who has been breaking the record in England as a jumper, has just arrived home, and been extended a rousing welcome by the Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York. Mr. Page belongs to an old and wealthy Philadelphia family, and is about twenty-one years of age. It is a very curious thing that a man who can jump six feet three and one-half inches high was a cripple during the years of his boyhood, and until within a few years he was obliged to wear some kind of an apparatus consisting of a ball and chain. Certain muscles were abnormally developed by this apparatus, and it is said to be owing to them that he is enabled to make his extraordinary jumps.

—Dr. George R. Crooks, one of the most learned and able of the professors of Drew Theological Seminary, has been elected by the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the editorship of the *Methodist Review*. The selection is an eminently fit one, and its significance will be appreciated by all who are familiar with the vigorous literary work of Dr. Crooks, or who know anything of his admirable qualities either as a man or a public instructor.

—Mrs. Thurber announces that the work of the National Opera Company is suspended, but she hopes that it will be revived within a few months. The company as the National Opera Company will lie in abeyance, as she says, but the "National Opera Company, Charles E. Locke, manager and proprietor," will be organized and go upon the road with the properties of the American and National Opera companies, which were recently sold at auction to Mr. Lawrence, the attorney of the latter company.

—Miss Lucy Salmon, the new Professor of History at Vassar College, is a graduate of the Michigan University and a Fellow of Bryn Mawr College. Miss Salmon is the author of a book on *The Appointing Power of the President*. She is a good-looking blonde, and although her habit of mind is literary, her physique is that of a strong and healthy woman.

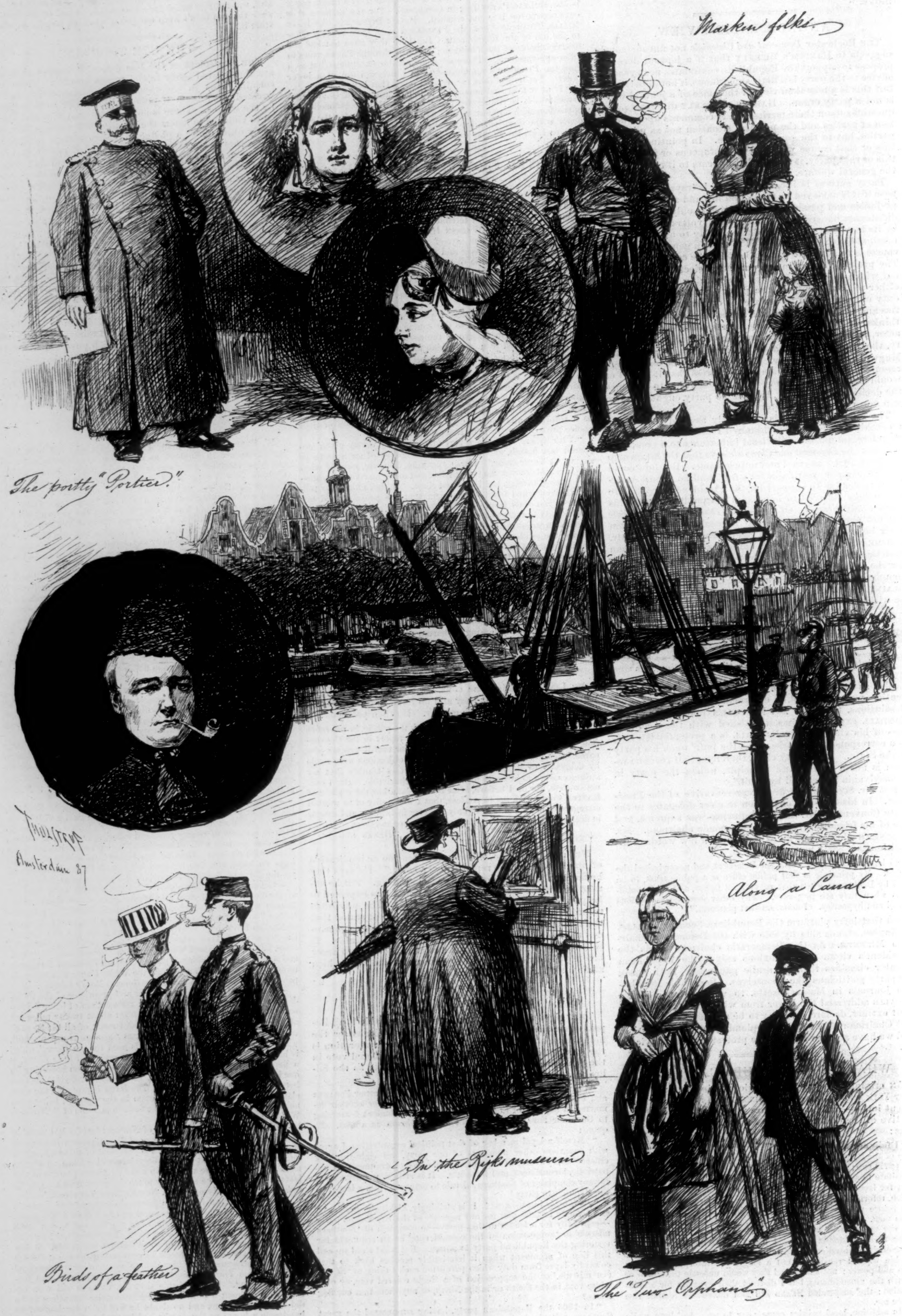
—Simon Cameron has just returned from a trip to England, his first in twenty-five years. While there he paid a visit to the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton. The Duke's "little park," as he calls it, consists of twenty thousand acres, over which two thousand deer roam at will. These he kills at pleasure to supply his guests with venison. Then he has eighty fox-hunting horses always on hand, and two hundred fox-hounds in the kennels, and yet the Duke of Beaufort is considered a poor man as dukes go.

—General Greely has removed his instruments from the roof of the building on G Street, in Washington, where the Weather Bureau was first established under General Myer, "Old Probabilities," to put them up on Octagon House, a low, broad structure of English brick, built nearly one hundred years ago, and now belonging to the Taylor estate. The house, which really has eight sides, has heavily grated windows, a fine old-fashioned entrance, and a genuine old-fashioned ghost. During President Madison's term he occupied this house while the White House was being repaired after having been sacked by General Ross's soldiers.

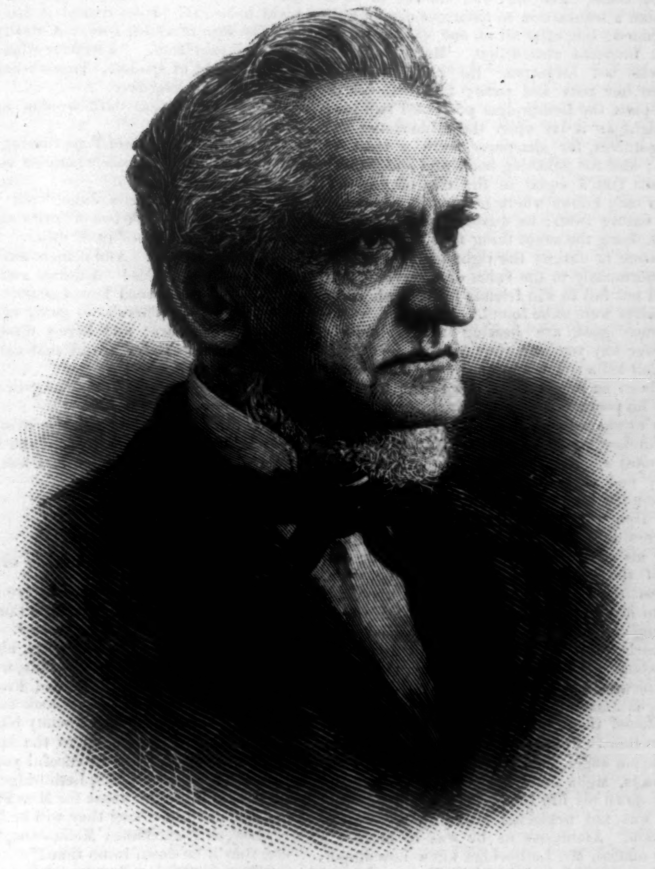
—William M. Singerly, the editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia *Record*, is prouder of being a farmer than of being a journalist. Mr. Singerly owns a stock farm about twenty miles out of Philadelphia, where he raises blooded stock of all kinds, more especially Holstein cattle. Mr. Singerly also owns a paper-mill, where he makes all the paper that is used for the *Record*, which is no small amount, as that journal, although sold for a penny, is a paper of very respectable size, with a circulation bordering on one hundred thousand copies daily. Mr. Singerly divides his time between his farm and his office. The latter is probably the most elaborately finished editorial sanctum in the country, being even more gorgeously furnished than the famous sanctum of Mr. George W. Childs.

—The Town and Country Club of Newport had its last meeting at Finisterre, the summer residence of Mrs. Gardner Brewer, of Boston. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is president of this club, which numbers some eminent men of literature and science among its members. There were nearly two hundred guests present at this last meeting, who came away very much delighted with a paper by Colonel T. W. Higginson on "A New-England Vagabond."

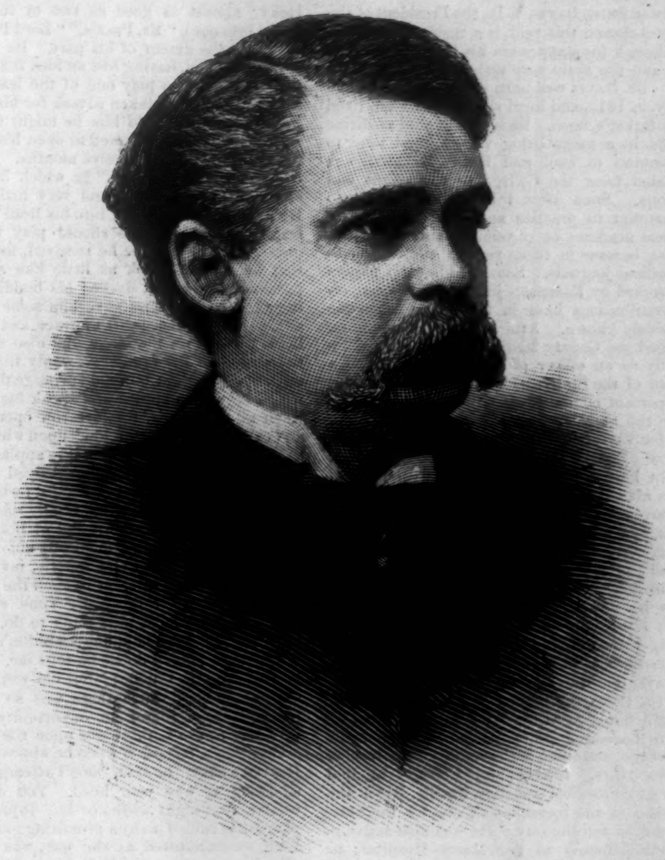
—Henry Villard has again become a conspicuous figure in finance. After his failure a few years ago he retired to Germany, but returned to New York within a few months, and took a small office in the Mills Building. He worked along quietly, saying that he was engaged as the agent of some German capitalists. A few days ago he startled Wall Street by purchasing for the syndicate which he represented six million dollars' worth of securities owned by the Oregon Transcontinental Company, of which he was formerly president. It is probable that Mr. Villard will soon occupy as prominent a position among millionaire financiers as he did a short time ago, and no doubt he will build for himself as handsome a house as the one he had just finished at the time of his failure. Mr. Villard, besides being a clever financier, is an accomplished musician, and usually spends his evenings in playing the 'cello to his daughter's piano-forte accompaniments.


Marken folke
The portly "Portier."
Thulstrup
Amsterdam 87
Along a Canal
In the Rijks museum
Birds of a feather
The "Two Orphans"

SKETCHES IN AMSTERDAM.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 667.]



DR. NATHAN SMITH DAVIS, OF CHICAGO, PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.

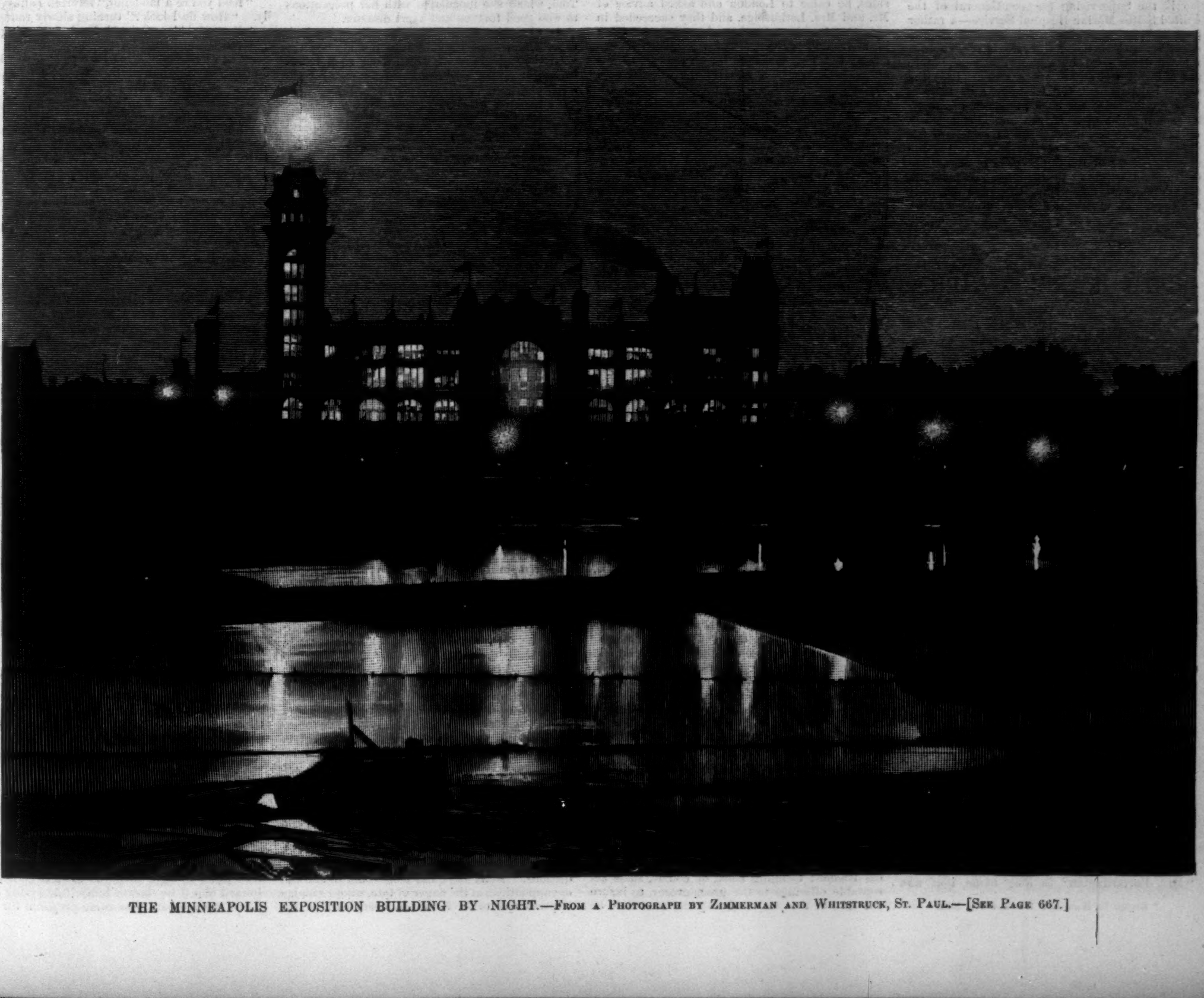


DR. JOHN B. HAMILTON, OF WASHINGTON, SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.

THE MEDICAL CONGRESS.

The International Congress of Physicians which assembled in Washington on September 5 is the ninth gathering of the kind that has been held. When it was decided to hold the Congress this year in America considerable doubt was expressed as to the success of the experiment of going so far away from the European members. But these doubts appear now to have been ill-founded. The attendance of more than 3000 is nearly or quite as large as has been known at any meeting heretofore. Of course this country has supplied the greater part of these members. This is a very large country, and it has produced a great many doctors. From abroad the attendance has perhaps equalled any reasonable expectations, although several eminent names have been missed. But the list as it stands is a very respectable one. Not only are Englishmen, Germans, and Frenchmen present, but Russians, Italians, Scandinavians, Belgians, and Spaniards. Moreover, Egypt sends two or three delegates, and Honolulu sends one. Several of these foreign doctors are baronets, some are marquises, and very many of them are entitled to wear crosses, stars, and other decorations on their breasts.

They make a goodly and an impressive appearance, these 3000 doctors, when all in the meeting hall at once, with their bright cheering eyes, their clear and rosy complexions, their reserved and tranquil carriage. A sight of them might cure many human ills as effectually as the most elaborate prescription most carefully compounded. A military man who looked in on the scene the first day was heard to remark, "What a regiment they'd make—3000 of them!" We may devoutly hope they have left their patients in restored health or in the care of able assistants. First thoughts are apt to start fears for the health of whole communities. The doctor's holiday is well earned, however. It is not the brightest side of life that he sees. How he ever acquired his cheerfulness and his forbearance might puzzle one to determine. Our debt to the doctor is indeed great. A drug store does not express the sole character and extent of the debt. We have nothing to measure sympathy with; nothing by which to determine the value of kindness and of patience that are scarcely matched elsewhere under heaven.



THE MINNEAPOLIS EXPOSITION BUILDING BY NIGHT.—From a Photograph by Zimmerman and Whitstruck, St. Paul.—[See Page 667.]

Nathan Smith Davis, M.D., the President of the Congress chosen this year, is a resident of Chicago, although for many years his home was in this State, and the State may claim the honor of his birth. Dr. Davis was born in Greene, Chenango County, in 1817, and until sixteen years old lived on his father's farm. He began to read medicine in 1834 in a neighboring village, then went to Binghamton to read, and finally, in 1837, was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Soon after this event he went to Binghamton to practise and to lecture before the local academy on physiology and chemistry. He also became in these years a contributor to the medical journals. Some of his early papers were copied by European journals. His numerous contributions have in fact made his name very widely known. After going to Binghamton he joined the County Medical Society, served repeatedly as an officer of it, and became also a member of the State society, in which he served on important committees. His most signal service in the State society was in the preliminary steps for the organization and promotion of the National Medical Convention of 1846, which brought him into correspondence with medical men in almost every State of the Union. Out of this movement grew the American Medical Association, which Dr. Davis was very active in promoting, and of which he has been generally recognized by the profession as the father. He has been its President, and almost every other office within its gift has been bestowed upon him. Finally a medal was struck by the association bearing the name and date of the formation of the association on one side, and a portrait of Dr. Davis on the other. Dr. Davis has practised for two years in this city. He came here in 1847, but two years later he went to Chicago to become a professor in the Rush Medical College, and here he remained as a teacher for ten years. Illinois and Chicago at that time had no medical societies, but Dr. Davis aided largely in the formation of one for the State and another for the city. He was also active in the establishment of the Mercy Hospital; he founded two medical newspapers, and continued in these and after years his voluminous contributions to them and others. A full list of his papers is quite appalling. A number of literary, historical, and scientific societies have elected him a member. The Northwestern University counts him among those who aided in its foundation. Since the year in which he left his father's farm he has been a member of the Methodist Church, and he is a strong advocate of temperance. His temperance principles, however, do not appear to have had any application to work. He has toiled prodigiously.

Dr. **John B. Hamilton**, who has been chosen Secretary-General of the Congress, is a much younger man than Dr. Davis: probably a quarter of a century at least separates them. In Washington Dr. Hamilton is a well-known man. He is the Supervising Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service—a rather long and confusing title, which seems to require elucidation. This hospital service is very ancient. It was established by act of Congress before the close of the eighteenth century. It is the medical department for our mercantile marine. To it are intrusted the health interests of the officers and crews of American vessels engaged in trade at home and abroad, and of vessels of the revenue marine. The service is under the immediate charge of the Supervising Surgeon-General. Dr. Hamilton's professional advancement, say those who know him, has been honestly achieved. He is an able and efficient gentleman, and is especially well qualified to fill an executive office.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TOM BARLEY COMMENCES A NEW LIFE.

"It's going to be performed to-morrow night, and master and missis and all the family 'll be there. I 'eerd it read. It was beautiful. It give me the creeps, and it made me laugh jest as if I was being tickled to death!"

The speaker was 'Melia Jane; the person she was addressing was Tom Barley; the place was the kitchen of Mrs. Lethbridge's house in Camden Town; and the subject of 'Melia Jane's remarks was Mr. Linton's comedy-drama *A Heart of Gold*, the first representation of which was to take place on the following evening at the Star Theatre. The whole house was in a flutter of excitement about it; the cousins were in the sitting-room above, busy over their frocks; Fred Cornwall was there, and was to accompany them to the theatre; the ticket for the stage-box was placed in a conspicuous position on the mantel-shelf, so that it should not escape the attention of any chance visitor; the conversation was animated, and full of hopeful anticipations of a great success for the poor dramatic author; and what was perhaps of greater importance than all else, Bob was in the cast. He had taken the fatal plunge, and through Kiss's influence had obtained an engagement for the run of *A Heart of Gold*. The "screw," as he called it, was small—ten shillings a week—but so were the parts for which, to his great disgust, he was cast. The more distinguished of the two characters he was to enact was a footman, who had to make three announcements of visitors of two words each—"Mrs. Portarlington" (a long name, that was lucky; almost as good as two or three words rolled into one), "Mr. Praxis," "Lord Fouracres." That was the extent of his part. He was greatly disappointed, having had an idea that he would be called upon to play one of the leading characters; but he was taken to task for his presumption by Kiss, who told him he might think himself lucky at being allowed to open his mouth on the stage for the first twelve months. The other character was "a guest," in which he was restricted to dumb-show, and very little of that. He unfortunately took it into his head to ask the stage-manager how he should play this dumb guest, and the answer he received, to the effect that he was to "look as little like an idiot as possible," somewhat dashed his budding aspirations. However, Kiss gave him some very good advice, and he took heart of grace, and rehearsed his six words on the stage, and also at home in the bosom of his family. Twenty times in the course of the night he would arrange the scene in which he was to appear and speak his lines, and when all was ready, would throw open the door and call "Mrs. Portarlington," upon which Fanny, as the audience, would burst into applause, which she kept up until Bob acknowledged the reception by a bow. It was perhaps fortunate that Kiss, breaking in upon this family rehearsal one evening, took the nonsense out of Bob by showing him how the thing should be done. "Make the announcements quite quietly, my lad," said Kiss; "and don't attempt to spoil the picture by thrusting yourself forward. Time enough for that when you have something to do. Remember that 'modesty is young ambition's ladder.'" "Of course I shall do as he tells me," said Bob, in confidence to Phœbe; "but did you ever know a profession in which there was so much jealousy?" Kiss found an opportunity to speak privately to the Lethbridges upon the subject of giving Bob a reception when he appeared. "For Heaven's sake," he said, "don't attempt it. Don't so much as wag your head. You don't know what a first-night audience is. Injudicious applause has ruined many a promising piece." Aunt Leth, sweet-natured as she was, was a little inclined to agree with Bob as to the dreadful amount of jealousy in the dramatic calling.

Tom Barley had not yet achieved his ambition of becoming a policeman, but he had great hopes that in a short time he would be pacing a beat, and in the vicinity of Camden Town, too. Uncle Leth was much respected, and had some influence, which he was exerting on Tom's behalf. It was 'Melia Jane who had put the idea into Tom's head. Between these two humble persons a confidence had been long since established. There was no idea of love-making—it had not entered either of their heads—but when Tom had been in attendance on Phœbe in London, he naturally found his way to the kitchen. 'Melia Jane "took to him," as she said; and he "took to her," and a mutual liking sprang up. When Tom left Miser Farebrother's service and Parksides, he came to London and asked advice of Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge, and they succeeded in obtaining for him a few hours' employment a day in a friend's garden. The remuneration was small; but Tom managed to rub along, and was always welcome to a meal in the kitchen with 'Melia Jane. This worthy creature, the invariable cleanliness and brightness of whose kitchen crowned her with glory, rather looked upon Tom as a kind of son, whom it was her pleasure to protect, to advise, and occasionally to scold. It mattered not that she was rather younger than he, and that intellectually she was in no way his superior. It was her pleasure to adopt him, and she adopted him accordingly; it was a pleasure to him to be adopted, and he submitted with complete satisfaction. It came to be a custom with him to spend his evenings with 'Melia Jane, and he gave a good return for the hospitality extended to him. He proved himself a perfect marvel in all practical matters relating to a house. If a window were broken, no need for a glazier; Tom took the measure of the glass, purchased it for a trifle, and the repair was made in less than no time. No need either for locksmiths so long as Tom Barley was about; he put locks and handles to rights in a trice. Did a drain want looking to, there was Tom; a tile off the roof, there was Tom; a ceiling to whitewash, there was Tom; a bit of painting to do, there was Tom. Indeed, with respect to painting, he made it his special business that the house should be bright and clean inside and out: all the neighbors remarked what a deal the Lethbridges were doing to their house, and how nice and fresh it looked. Then there was the garden: Tom worked a miracle. A little care and pains, the expenditure of a few pence now and then, and a large amount of zeal and earnestness, converted the hitherto rather shabby patches of ground in the front and rear of the house into a perfect paradise. It was impossible that such a handy, grateful, willing fellow should be otherwise than welcome. "Upon my word, my dear," said Uncle Leth to his wife, "that Tom Barley is a wonder. There is nothing he cannot do." A few bits of deal, which would have been chopped up for fire-wood had not Tom put them to better use, a few nails, a pound of paint, and half a pint of varnish, and there, presto! were flower boxes for all the windows, looking as sweet and fresh as the best in Mayfair. He had a knack of making friends and of getting himself liked. There was the green-grocer, the proud possessor of a pony and cart. Tom so ingratiated himself into the favor of this tradesman by his cheerful ways, and by doing for *him*, also, an odd job or two, very neatly and expeditiously, that, early one morning, there was Tom rattling away with the pony and trap into the country, making for some ripe woods of his acquaintance, wherefrom he unlawfully plucked roots and rich soil to beautify the garden of his friends; bringing back, of course, some acceptable offerings to the green-grocer, to insure the loan of the pony and trap the next time he required them. For one who aspired to be a policeman a transaction so nefarious cannot well be defended; but, after all, no one was the worse for the innocent abstraction. 'Melia Jane, be sure, was not forgotten. He helped her to brighten her pots and pans; the little bit of electro-plate the Lethbridges possessed twinkled with light as it lay upon the table-cloth; the carving-knives, for sharpness, were a treat to handle; and for polishing boots and shoes there was not Tom's equal in the city of London. Heaven only knows where he got the sweetness of his nature from; its quality was so fine and prompt, doing the exact thing that was required to be done at exactly the right moment (which adds enormously to the value of a service), that it could not fail to win friends for him wherever kind hearts were to be found. And these, as my experience goes, are beating multitudinously whichever way you turn your face.

He had led a rough and happy life, but he had never been so happy as at this time. The few clothes he possessed were kept in order by 'Melia Jane, who washed and mended for him, and who, upon Sundays, made him so resplendent that he was almost ashamed to be seen. A smile or a friendly nod or greeting was always ready for him from the Lethbridges and their friends, with whom Tom was quite an institution, and Aunt Leth grew into the habit of consulting him and asking his advice when anything inside or outside of the house was required to be done. Sweetest of all was Phœbe's greeting upon her visits to her aunt. "Well, Tom, how are you?" "Getting along splendidly, miss." Simple words, but pearls of price, nevertheless, to Tom, who went about his work more blithely the whole day afterward. Of girls in her own station in life 'Melia Jane might have been jealous had Tom championed them, but she entirely approved of his devotion to Fanny and his worship of Phœbe.

"She's a angel, Tom," said 'Melia Jane.

"She is, 'Melia Jane," responded Tom; "and I'd lay down my life for her."

He was not neglected either in the way of education. Ambitious as he was to become a public official, Mr. Lethbridge knew how important it was that he should be able to read and write fairly. He provided Tom with copy-books, and made the young man go through a regular course of pot-hooks and hangers; and Aunt Leth gave him reading lessons three times a week; so that he made capital progress, and was "gitting quite a scholard," according to 'Melia Jane.

This young lady attended to his education in other ways. She was great in superstitions, which were to her a kind of religion; and instead of pious exordiums in frames to remind her of her duty, she had scraps of card-board hanging in sacred corners in her bedroom and kitchen, upon which were written extracts from fortune-telling and dream books, which, if they did not form for her the whole duty of woman, went a long way toward it. She had an apt pupil in Tom, whom she inoculated with her precautions to woo good fortune and avert disaster.

As to cutting your nails, now. From her bedroom 'Melia Jane brought into the kitchen the written magic formula, which Tom soon learnt by heart:

"Cut your nails on Monday, cut them for wealth.
Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for health.
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for news.
Cut them on Thursday, a new pair of shoes.
Cut them on Friday, cut them for sorrow.
Cut them on Saturday, see sweetheart to-morrow.
Cut them on Sunday, cut them for evil:
The whole of the week you'll be ruled by the ——."

What could be simpler and more direct? And in the matter of nails, Tom abided by it.

"Wot day in the week was you born?" asked 'Melia Jane.

"Blessed if I know," answered Tom.

"'Ow could you be so careless," said 'Melia Jane, severely, "as not to get to know? Then we could settle it."

"Settle what, 'Melia Jane?"

"Why, don't you know?" she replied.

"'Monday's child is fair of face.
Tuesday's child is full of grace.
Wednesday's child is loving and giving.
Thursday's child works hard for a living.
Friday's child is full of woe.
Saturday's child has far to go.
But the child that is born on Sabbath-day
Is bonnie and happy, and wise and gay.'"

"I say Thursday," said Tom, good-humoredly. "That's the most likely day for me."

"I say Sabbath-day," said 'Melia Jane.

"That won't fit," said Tom. "Happy? Yes. And gay, sometimes. But wise? No, no, 'Melia Jane; not a bit of it."

But in argument Tom was a child in the hands of 'Melia Jane, and she generally succeeded in compelling him to subscribe to her views. She had a very effective method of punishment if he persisted in holding out. She was, in Tom's eyes, a very wonderful fortune-teller with the cards, and to have his fortune told half a dozen times a week became a perfect passion with him. Nothing pleased 'Melia Jane more than the opportunity of laying out the cards; but she could successfully resist the temptation when Tom was obstinate. It was in vain for him to implore; she was adamant. At length he would say, "I give in, 'Melia Jane; I give in." And out would come a very old and terribly thumbed pack, and with a solemn face Tom settled down to the onerous task of cutting the cards again and again, in accordance with 'Melia Jane's complicated instructions. It was not at all material that last night's fortune was diametrically opposite to the fortune of to-night; nor that last night it was a fair woman, and to-night a dark one; nor that last night Tom was to be greeted by a coffin, and to-night by a baby. The point was that the fortune was to be told, and that being done, no reference was made to inconsistencies and contradictions. 'Melia Jane and Tom would sit staring, open-mouthed, at the finger of fate, whose smudgy impress was to be found on every card in the pack. She was telling his fortune now, on the night before the production of *A Heart of Gold*.

"The four of clubs, Tom. A strange bed."

"Ah," said Tom. "I wonder where?"

"The eight of spades. That's trouble, Tom." He pulled a long face.

"And there's that dark woman agin. Who *can* she be?"

"I wonder, now!" said Tom, turning over in his mind every dark woman whom he could call to remembrance.

"Well," cried 'Melia Jane, "did you ever? Jest look, Tom. The ten of 'earts and the four of 'earts next door to each other. A wedding and a marriage bed. And if there ain't the seven and the six of spades! A doctor and a birth."

"Never!" exclaimed Tom, aghast.

"Here it is. There's no going agin it. Oh, Tom! here's tears; and here's disappointment and sickness. Take care of that dark woman; she's up to no good."

"Ain't she?" cried Tom, energetically. "I'll keep a sharp eye on her."

The fortune being ended, the cards were put away in a drawer in the dresser, and 'Melia Jane proceeded to discuss lighter and less important matters.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF "A HEART OF GOLD."

Three-quarters of an hour before it was time to start for the Star Theatre, Fred Cornwall, with a cab, was at the Lethbridges' door. There was no one but 'Melia Jane to receive him. Everybody was dressing, and 'Melia Jane, with a jug of hot water in her hand, informed Fred Cornwall that "Miss Phœbe, sir, she do look most lovely," for which she received a sixpenny bit.

"Take these flowers up to the ladies, 'Melia Jane," said Fred, "and be careful you don't mix them. These are for Mrs. Lethbridge; these are for Miss Lethbridge; these for Miss Farebrother; and ask them how long they will be."

"Lor', sir!" exclaimed 'Melia Jane, "now you're 'ere, they'll be down in no time!"

"That foolish boy," observed Fanny, when the flowers were brought into the girls' bedroom, "will ruin himself. You will have to check him, Phœbe. But what taste he has! Did you ever see anything more exquisite? I knew he would bring us flowers. And of course he has the cab at the door, waiting; he hasn't the least idea of the value of money. I shall have to give him a good talking to, the foolish, extravagant boy."

This was a new fashion of Fanny's—to put on matronly airs and to talk of Fred Cornwall as a foolish boy. He was greatly amused by it, and he listened to her lectures with a mock-penitential air which caused her to deliver her counsels with greater severity.

"You are a model of punctuality," he said, as Fanny sailed into the room.

"And you're a modeller," retorted Fanny, gayly. "How do I look?" turning slowly round.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Fred, advancing eagerly as Phœbe entered.

"Oh, of course!" cried Fanny. "Come here, Phœbe," taking her cousin's hand; "he sha'n't admire one without the other."

With looks and words of genuine admiration, Fred scanned and criticised the girls, who, truly, for loveliness, would take the palm presently in the Star Theatre.

"That's very sweet of you," said Fanny, when he came to the end of an eloquent speech, "and you may kiss my hand. But don't come too near me; I mustn't be crushed; and Phœbe mustn't, either. Oh, my dear, beautiful mother!" And the light-hearted girl ran to her mother, who at this moment entered the room.

Aunt Leth was the picture of a refined, gentle-hearted, sweet-mannered lady. She had her best gown on, of course; and so cleverly had she managed that it looked, if not quite new, at least almost as good as new. She gazed with wistful tenderness at her daughter and niece, and kissed them affectionately; then she greeted Fred, and thanked him for the flowers.

Phœbe and Fanny had already thanked him, and when he gave Uncle Leth a rose for his coat (he himself wearing one), Fanny whispered to Phœbe that she had not a fault to find with him. "What I like especially about Fred," said Fanny, "is that when he does a thing he does it thoroughly. Did you notice how pleased dear mamma was when he gave papa the rose? He could not have delighted her more. You lucky girl!"

Altogether, Fred's position in that affectionate family was an enviable one, and if he was not a proud and happy young fellow as he rattled away with them to the Star Theatre, he ought to have been. Any gentleman in London would have been happy to be in his shoes.

Bob, of course, had gone early to the theatre, convinced that the success of *A Heart of Gold* depended upon the way in which he would announce "Mrs. Portarlington," "Mr. Praxis," and "Lord Fouracres."

There was a great house. The manager had taken more than usual pains to obtain the attendance of the critic of every influential paper. Fred, who knew a great many of them, pointed them out to the eager girls, and described their peculiarities and the qualities for which they were famous. Mr. Linton, although he had written seven or eight pieces, all of which had been played, was not yet looked upon as a dramatist of mark; some of the best judges had declared that he had a great deal in him, and that he would one day surprise the public, and take London captive by the production of a play of the greatest merit. This opinion was more or less shared by most of the dramatic writers on the press, and they came to-night prepared to deal generously toward him if he showed himself deserving of it. There were others who came prepared for contingencies: theatrical frequenters of pit and gallery, regular "first-nighters," who knew by sight every critic on the London press, and every notability in the city. Before the music commenced they kept up a buzz of conversation, pointing out the celebrities, and tiptoeing over their neighbors to catch a sight of the great men. "It's quite like a party," observed Aunt Leth, as she saw the friendly greetings and salutations of those who were in the habit of meeting on such occasions. Then came a cheer or two and a clapping of hands, which was taken up gradually in all the cheaper parts of the house. A favorite actress had entered a private box, and the enthusiastic play-goers were showing their regard for her. She smiled and turned to the pit with a pleasant nod, which added to the delight of her admirers. They compared notes: "Did you see her in so-and-so? Wasn't she stunning? Ah, but she was better than all in such-and-such. What does she play in next?" Hungry and eager and ever-ready are the theatrical public to show favor to established favorites; beloved by them are the actor and actress who have given them pleasure; and thus much being acknowledged, it is strange that the dramatic author should hold in their regard what is at best but an equivocal position. They call him out when the curtain falls to hoot or applaud him, and it is a moot point which of the two processes pleases them more. It was of this moment to come that Mr. Linton was thinking as he sat hidden in a box behind the curtains, his fingers playing convulsively on the palms of his hands. To-night, he believed, was to make or mar him. More hung upon the success of *A Heart of Gold* than the public were aware of. He was poor, very poor; his wife was nursing a sick child, for whom the doctor had prescribed what it was not in Linton's power to afford. Would the result of this night's work put him in funds, cause him to be in demand, and make the world bright for him? He saw an American manager in the stalls, and he knew if *A Heart of Gold* was successful that he would at once receive an offer from him for the American rights. That meant money—meant, perhaps, the life of his child. He had sat by the bedside at home till the last minute, and when he kissed his little one, had whispered, "Wish father good luck, my dear." "Good luck, father," murmured the child, and kept his arms entwined round the loving father's neck so tight that they had to be loosened by gentle force. Then he had held his good wife in his embrace for a moment, and she pressed him fondly to her; he could not speak, he was almost choked; his lips trembled so that he could scarcely kiss her; and he bore with him, as he ran out of the room, the memory of the patient, wistful face, which would have been more cheerful had their circumstances been better. He saw it now as he sat hidden behind the curtains in the private box; he saw his little child in bed, pining away. "Oh, God!" he muttered, "if they but knew! if they but knew!"

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

"Who is in that box?" asked Fanny. "Not a soul can be seen; but—there, there it is again—the curtain just moved, and some one peeped through."

"That is the author's box," said Fred. "I have no doubt Mr. Linton is there."

"Poor gentleman!" said Aunt Leth. "How anxious he must be! I wish we had him here with us."

"They prefer to be alone, as a rule," said Fred, somewhat grimly, "on the first nights of their pieces."

The leader of the band entered the orchestra, gloved for the honorable occasion. People began to seat themselves; the music was lively and appropriate, and put them in good humor. Linton gnawed his under-lip, and leaning forward suddenly, almost betrayed his presence. The curtain rose, and *A Heart of Gold* commenced its perilous career.

Is there any need to describe it at length here? It would be but a recapitulation of what every old play-goer is familiar with, for this was a night to be remembered. Sufficient that the comedy-drama opened well and won the sympathies and the favor of the house. Kiss was greeted with a roar of applause, and outshone himself. The act-drop descended on the first act, and there was a general call. Linton brightened up; he hastened to the back of the scenes through a little door at the side of his box, and nodded gayly at the manager; but that astute person of long experience merely looked at him, and said, "Wait." He passed on, and Linton, rather dashed, went back to his box.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMSTERDAM PEN PRINTS.

For the picturesque you may seek Spain, Normandy, or Holland. It is according to your artistic appreciation. If in Holland you think there is no sentimental chord to be struck, you need only think of Josef Israels, the tenderest, the most sympathetic, of all artists, who draws his inspirations from his own country, Holland. Your Hollander may be for the most part massive—a man of physical breadth and thickness, but not always so. There have been admixtures of blood, and all Alva's fierce Catalonians did not leave the Netherlands. Now and then you may see Spanish-looking Hollanders, men and women who show the blending of the Aragonese and Frisians. Types in Amsterdam are numerous; and though the finer folks dress as the universal fraternity of fashionable tailors or mantua-makers will it, the peasants are a study of themselves. In Mr. De Thulstrup's "Birds of a Feather" you have the Amsterdam exquisites. One of them sports an eye-glass and wears a straw hat, which is surmounted by a broad silk ribbon of various hues. If in a beer garden, it is the proper thing for him to smoke his cigar in a long clay pipe. His companion, the infantry officer, is careful as to get-up, and is always *en grande tenue*. Generally he is a highly educated man, and knows a good deal of the world, for Holland has distant colonies, and he is likely to have seen service in the far East. That functionary, the portier of the hotel, is an important personage. He must be fat and portly, or he never could secure such a position. He is supposed to be polyglot, but he generally mangles all languages not Dutch. His Corpulency is, however, good-natured, even obsequious, and he will give the guests at his hotel all the needed information. The Marken man, in sabots and the baggiest of breeches, who surmounts his stout figure with a silk hat, the tile of civilization, commits an artistic anachronism. His wife and little girl are more truly Dutch. Friesland peasant women, when they come to Amsterdam, get themselves up in a composite manner. They wear caps of lace resplendent with golden bands, and clap on top of that the modern bonnet. The sweetness of their faces, their healthy looks, render their double head-gear most picturesque. Marken girls dress quaintly, and wear vivid colors. They are given to bangs, and sport curls on each side of their broad foreheads. Perhaps their mouths are a trifle wide, so that when they smile, the smile, even without laughing eyes, is linearly perceptible. The strangest dress is one adopted by a Dutch orphanage, one often seen in Amsterdam. In the Middle Ages party-colors were much in vogue. These orphan girls are clad half in black, half in red. One side of the young person is in the saddest mourning garb, the other side flashing, as it were, with that color of which the blind man's conception was that it looked "like the sound of a trumpet." Looking at some of the loveliest pictures in the gallery of the Rijks Museum is the massive cleric. Measureless yards of cloth had to be furnished to drape such human amplitude.

Along the canal is the true Amsterdam scene. These canals are everywhere, and boats carry just such things as do the trucks and carts in New York. There is an exception, and that is on the part of the Amsterdam milkman. It may be asked, however, was there ever a milkman amenable to the rules governing the rest of the world? Dutch coffee, brewed from the choicest Java, is as good a beverage as can be enjoyed anywhere outside of Paris, and to supply coffee-drinkers with the necessary quota of milk, the Amsterdam milkman plies his calling. He alone uses a two-wheeled cart, and carries two brightly burnished brass cans supposably filled with milk. But why does he invariably burden himself with what looks like a water cask, for of all things water is the most plentiful in Amsterdam?

CHAMPION LAWN-TENNIS.

The divorcing of the doubles from the singles this year in the championship tournament which uninterruptedly for six seasons has been held at Newport, Rhode Island, under the auspices of the United States National Lawn-tennis Association, has proved most conclusively to be a successful venture, productive of good results. Not only was an entry of the best players secured, but a large attendance of tennis lovers, representing all the many first-class clubs of the New York district. Thus the holding of the great meeting at an accessible locality from this city enabled many persons interested in scientific tennis to witness for the first time a national championship tournament in which was entered the best talent in America.

No more charming or convenient spot could have been selected for contesting the championship doubles than the grounds of the Orange Lawn-tennis Club, at Mountain Station, New Jersey. In anticipation of the event the club's excellent turf courts were put in perfect condition. The tournament opened on Tuesday, September 6, with thirteen teams listed.

Owing to the non-appearance of the partners of Mr. Watson and Mr. Carryl, the former defaulted his match against the Wright brothers, and joined forces with Mr. Carryl. This left twelve pairs to contest for the very handsome silver punch-bowl prizes which were offered for competition. The sensational and most interesting match of the opening day was between Champion Sears with Dwight, against B. F. Cummins and E. W. McClellan, the Western champions. The contest was virtually East against West, and the spectators crowded about the court to see what the pair from prairie-land could do against their oft-tried opponents. It was the first time the West had sent a first-class team to an Eastern tournament, and Cummins and McClellan were in hard luck to be drawn against the best pair in America to make their *début*. They, however, lacked nothing of confidence, although they had never seen really first-class men before, much less played against them. They began well, winning the first set by a score of 4–6. Their best point seemed to be in their successful lobbing and McClellan's extremely hard smashing. There was a conspicuous want of finish in their play, however, that contrasted strongly with the methods employed by their opponents. Dwight, who was just off shipboard from the tennis tournaments of England, was out of form from want of practice, but Sears played steadily, and bided his time. The second set went to the New-Englanders by a score of 6–3, and then the Western men picked up the third set by a score of 6–2. This gave them two sets to one in their favor. They, however, could not stand the pace, and Sears and Dwight had it all their own way in the two succeeding sets, gaining them each by scores of 6–1, thereby winning the match. All things considered, the Western representatives made a very favorable impression, and deserve credit for the good showing they made.

Another surprise in store was the defeat of Clark and Brinley by young O. S. Campbell, of Brooklyn, and A. Duryee, by a score of 6–2, 2–6, 6–1, 3–6, 6–2. The first-named pair played badly, while the winners worked well together, and made the most of their points by accurate side-line placing and sharp returns. Taylor and Slocum had an easy task to defeat S. A. Campbell and B. J. Carroll, which they did by a score of 6–2, 6–3, 6–1. The winners were in fine form, and played well together. Post and Coffin then made short work of Paton and Mackay, the score reading 6–4, 6–3, 6–1. This brought the preliminary round to a conclusion.

One match was played in the first round, which was won by Shaw and Tailer over the Wright brothers, the score being 6–1, 6–2, 4–6, 6–2. An adjournment was then made until Wednesday.

The second day's play was in showery weather, the courts being very slippery. The first round being continued, a very pretty match was played between Taylor and Slocum against O. S. Campbell and Duryee. There were many long and sharp rallies. Slocum played with great evenness in the best of form, while Taylor was erratically brilliant in all the known strokes. The youthful appearance and modest demeanor of Campbell and Duryee secured them the sympathy of the spectators, who encouraged them with most generous applause. Both these young men played well together, and placed the ball with accuracy, yet their returns were mild when compared with Slocum's hard drives and Taylor's terrible smashing and clever wrist-play. The older pair won by 6–2, 10–8, 4–6, 6–3. Colgate and Brown easily defeated Watson and Carryl, 7–5, 6–2, 6–0. The first round was brought to a close with an interesting match between Sears and Dwight and Post and Coffin. It began much in favor of the last-named team, who placed with great certainty, while the champions did not work well together. It ended, however, in favor of Sears and Dwight by a score of 4–6, 11–9, 6–2, 6–4.

On Thursday the second round was opened by Taylor and Slocum, who defeated Shaw and Tailer 6–3, 6–4, 1–6, 6–2. Sears and Dwight had no difficulty in beating Colgate and Brown —6–1, 6–1, 8–6—which play finished the second round.

In the finals, which followed immediately after, the excitement was intense. In the opinion of many Slocum and Taylor stood a very fair chance of defeating the champions; at any rate, a good game would be witnessed. Dwight and Sears won the first set by a score of 6–4, but the younger men turned the balance in their favor by winning the next two sets—6–3, 6–2. The superior staying powers of Dwight and Sears here stood them in good stead, and the next set went to them by a score of 6–3. This tied the score in sets, and made the winners of the next set Tennis Champions of the United States. Each man exerted himself to the utmost, but the practice of years favored the older men once more, and the set was won by Sears and Dwight, the score being 6–3.

The score of the final round by games shows how near New York came to wresting the championship from Boston. It is as follows:

FIRST SET.

Sears and Dwight	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	1—6
Taylor and Slocum	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	0—4

SECOND SET.

Taylor and Slocum	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1—6
Sears and Dwight	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0—3

THIRD SET.

Taylor and Slocum	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1—6
Sears and Dwight	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2

FOURTH SET.

Sears and Dwight	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	1—6
Taylor and Slocum	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	0—3

FIFTH SET.

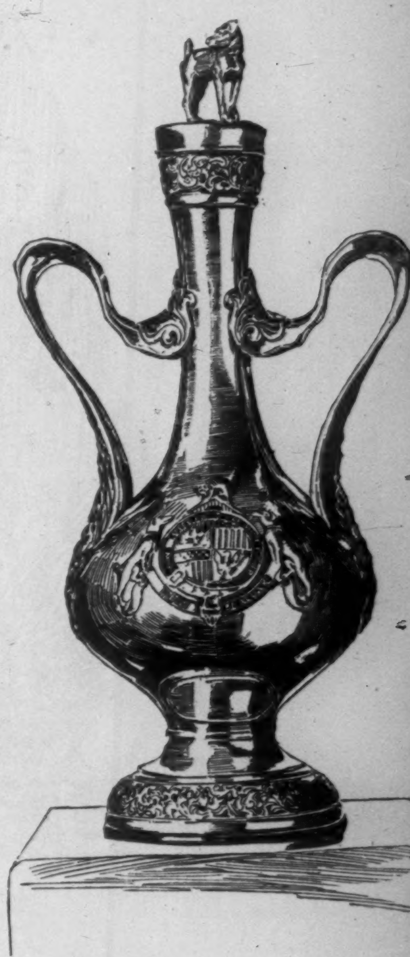
Sears and Dwight	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	1—6
Taylor and Slocum	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	0—3

On Friday the second prizes were carried off by Slocum and Taylor without much trouble.

THE MINNEAPOLIS INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

Like nearly all the large cities of the West, Minneapolis has provided some attraction that will bring visitors to the city when business is picking up in the fall, and the second Industrial Exposition was formally opened on August 31. As early as 1885 the citizens conceived the idea of holding an annual exposition, and the first meeting was held in the fall of that year. Subscriptions for capital stock were started, and in a few months the amount subscribed netted $300,000. The citizens of East Minneapolis raised and donated $40,000 to help pay for the site, and the city contributed various parcels of adjacent land which had hitherto been quite useless. So the magnificent site, containing about five acres, and overlooking the Falls of St. Anthony and all the industries gathered thereabouts, was practically a gift from the city corporation. Plans for the building were submitted; those of Mr. I. Hodgson were approved and accepted, and work upon it was begun at once. The first exposition was successfully opened August 23, 1886. Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be obtained from the following figures: The wall at the piers, which are laid eight feet thick at the bottom, rise to a height of seventy-five feet. The lookout of the tower is 137 feet high, and there are about seven acres of floor space in the building. There is an acre of glass window surface, besides 9400 square feet of skylight. There were 3,000,000 feet of lumber used in the building, 3,100,000 brick, and 122,000 cubic feet of stone. The officers for the present year are W. D. Washburn, president, S. C. Gale, vice-president, H. G. Harrison, treasurer, and W. G. Byron, secretary.

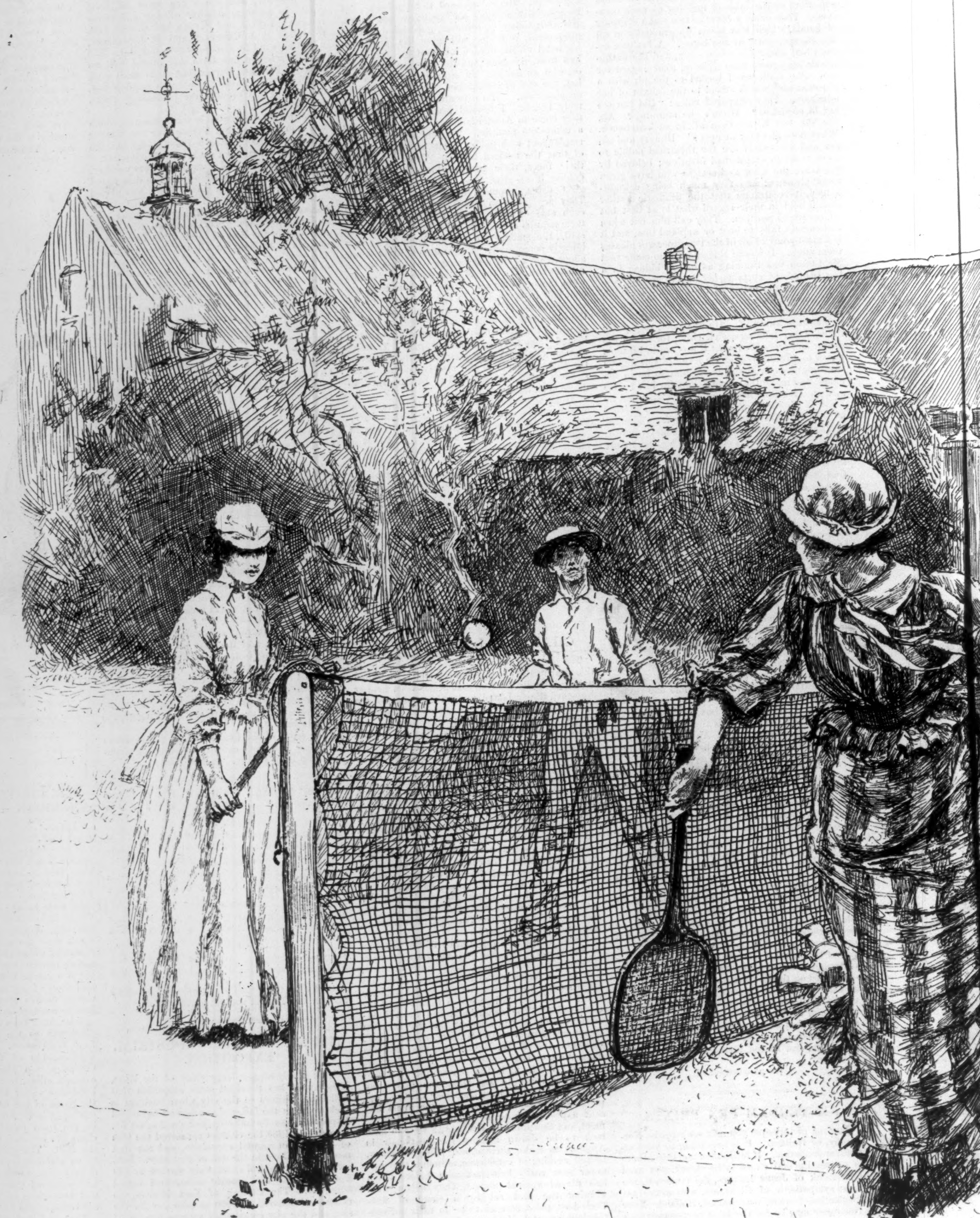
The object of the Exposition is to make a creditable showing of the industries that are represented in Minneapolis and the whole Northwest. One of the interesting features of it, apart from the native exhibits, is the Scandinavian Art Collection, which was imported expressly for the occasion. The government has a large number of exhibits, chiefly from the Patent Office, illustrating improvements that have recently been made in all kinds of machinery and domestic implements. The various trades and associations have done credit to themselves by their large display in the various branches that they represent. The Exposition is open for six weeks.



THE CHALLENGE CUP OF THE AMERICAN FOX-TERRIER CLUB.

America does everything now in the way of sport that England does, and probably the Britons who happened to be present at the second annual bench show of the American Fox-terrier Club, held at Newport, Rhode Island, on the 7th and 8th inst., may have had their inherent dog-fancying proclivities as fully satisfied as ever they were by the choicest dog-kennels of the "tight little island." Certainly, at least, August Belmont, Jun.'s, famous fox-terrier, Lucifer, which took the challenge cup of the club this year, and whose effigy happens to be the culminating ornament of this handsome piece of silver, is a canine worthy to do honor to the most fastidious of dog-fanciers, and the news of his victory flashed over the cable to his owner in Europe must, at such a time of the year as this, at least, have been as gratifying to that amiable gentleman as the most encouraging despatch from Wall Street. The cup itself, which is the workmanship of the Whiting Manufacturing Company, is a plain but elegant structure of oxidized silver, twenty-four inches high, upon a handsome ebony base, bearing on a side panel the name of the club. The handles, which are unusually large, are beautifully moulded; while on the front panel of the bowl of the cup is chased in bass-relief the seal or coat of arms of the club. The apex of the cup is surmounted by an elaborately modelled figure of the victorious terrier, which has won laurels at many a well-contested show ere this one, which competent authorities declare to have been the finest exhibition of the kind ever seen in America.

The cup is held much on the same conditions as the *America* cup is held by the winning yacht. It is a challenge cup to be contested for annually, at Newport or elsewhere, the winner not to have permanent possession, but to surrender it in favor of the best dog of the following year. As a *solatium*, however, the winner of each year is presented with a small piece of plate, which becomes an enduring possession. The challenge cup is valued at about $500, and is a trophy that is much admired among the sporting fraternity. The victory of Lucifer has been a signal one this year, owing to the fact that the competitors were of a superior description, and that there were nearly one hundred entries—two facts which tested the capabilities and patience of the judge, Mr. Fred Hoey, as they were never tried before in the same field.



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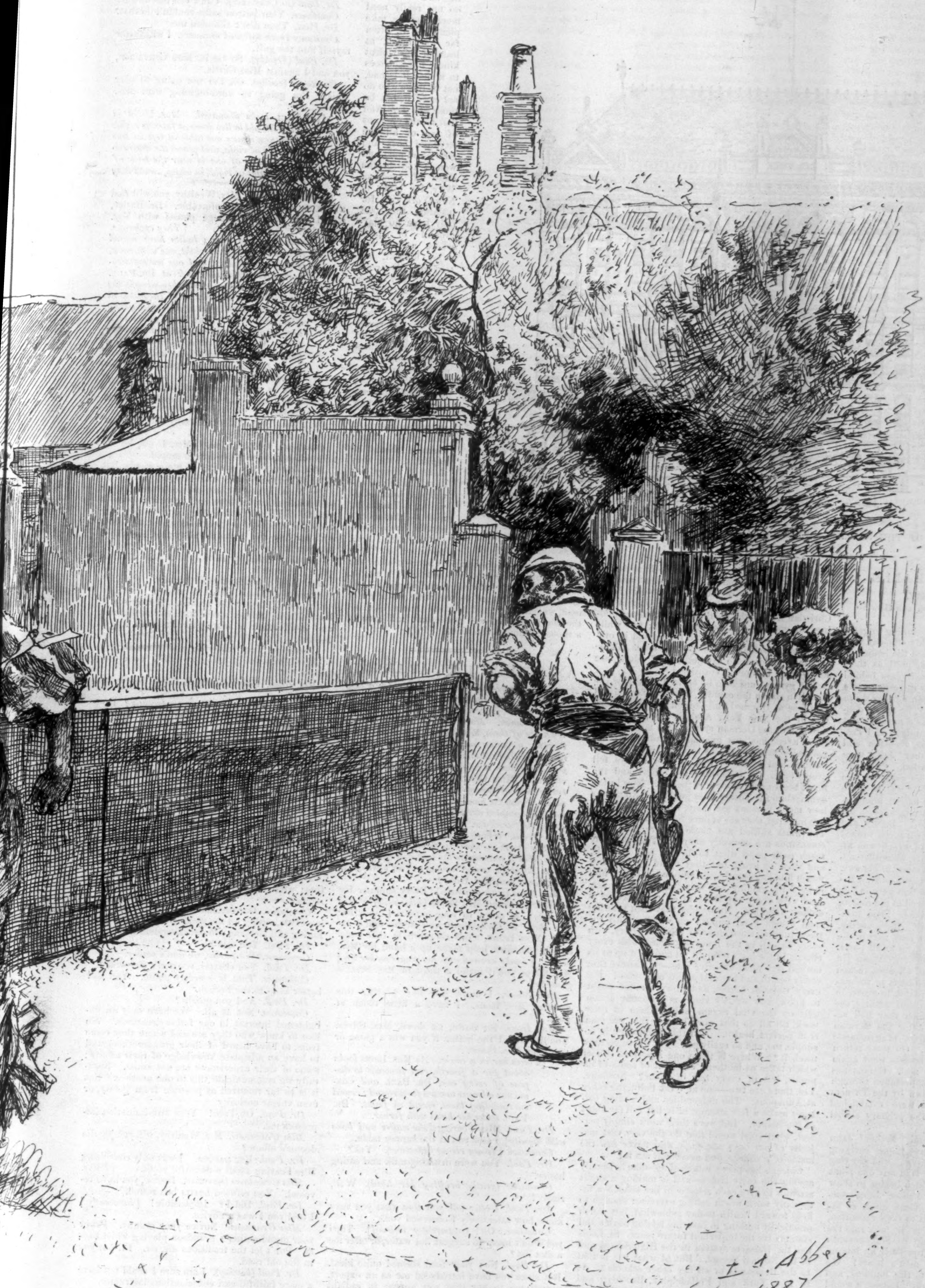
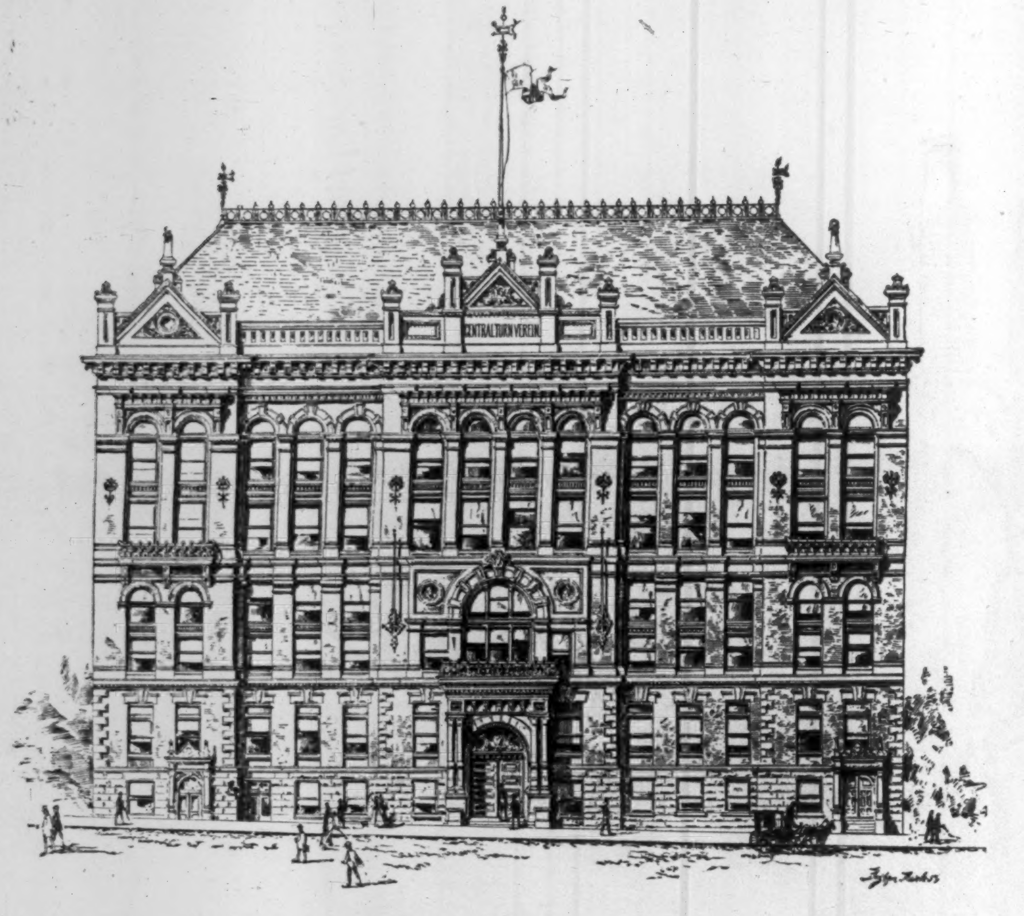

E. A. Abbey
1887

NIS.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE CENTRAL TURNVEREIN.—FROM THE PLAN OF ALBERT WAGNER, ARCHITECT.

A MONSTER TURNHALLE.

By WILLIAM BLAIKIE,

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO GET STRONG AND HOW TO STAY SO."

We in this country are just beginning to get a dim idea that, to make thoroughly efficient men and women, it will pay to educate the bodies of the children, while at school, as well as their minds. We are about a hundred years behind Germany and Switzerland in this direction, while if we did as much for our children as they do in the public schools of Italy to-day, we would double our power and effectiveness as a nation. But while Rousseau and Campe, Montaigne and Pestalozzi, were sowing their ideas, Basedow and Salzmann, Fellenberg and "Father" Jahn, were putting them in active operation. "Father" Jahn's idea, says Schaible, in his essay on the *Systematic Training of the Body*, "was to unite the people of Germany into one nation, intellectually, morally, and physically strong, against the threatening enemy of the west. Boldly and vigorously, a real reformer, he advanced toward his high ideal, the realization of which was attained with a surprising rapidity, notwithstanding the many impediments that stood in his way. The number of his pupils increased daily. His ideas of a revived national education were in this work [*Deutsche Turnkunst*] offered to the nation, and were enthusiastically received. Soon gymnastics took a national character. Boys, youths, and men of all classes of society took part in the exercises, and gymnasia sprang up in all parts. Nor was it long before, from their gymnasia [in 1813], thousands of Turners of all ages rushed forth on a given signal as volunteers to the unfurled standard of their father-land, to prove, in a deadly struggle for freedom and country, the strength and self-reliance which they had acquired in the gymnasium. After the German war of independence the effect of gymnastic training was fully recognized. On their return from the battle-fields the gymnasts went again to their work with vigorous zeal. Gymnastics had gained a considerable importance through the valor and endurance shown by the Turners during the war. Gymnasia were established throughout Germany, from the primary school to the university."

And to-day in our own land "Father" Jahn has already over 20,000 active pupils carrying out his sensible and valuable plans, and glorying in vigorous, healthy bodies. Will any one point out any other system here which begins to show such results? Yet, with all "Father" Jahn's success, he never saw his own ideas given so attractive a home, and such aids to their execution, as he would presently find could he look into the great building now going up on Sixty-seventh Street in New York city. How such an inspection would warm the old man's heart! We Americans also can look into this building, and get many an instructive lesson. Indeed, it would be well if delegates from every city in the land came and took that look: practical and determined men who, when they got back, would see to it that their own city was soon provided with a like great home. For a Turnverein building is at once a coeducational school, a gymnasium, a restaurant, a bowling-alley, a swimming-pool, with needle and steam baths, a theatre and a ballroom, a place to learn modelling and drawing, singing and fencing, needle-work and billiards, home duties or chess, with all the charm of home, and all the clannish sympathy so strong when one is far from "Vaterland." That is, this one is to be thus opulent in equipment and opportunity, for it is doubtful if the world holds another one so complete. Our Young Men's Christian Associations—those with modern buildings, of course—come nearest to it; but while abreast in some respects, are far behind in others; and our schools are simply nowhere. Three thousand children, to say nothing of adults, are all to enjoy this one institution.

The gymnasium is to be 50 by 115 feet, or the fourth in size in the country, being only surpassed by those at Harvard and Cornell and the superb one of the New York Athletic Club. But the strength of the German system does not lie merely in a commodious gymnasium admirably appointed—rather in brains brought into the gymnasium, and made to tell, as they always tell everywhere. A handsome tool-chest and the finest tools never made a carpenter. Now in the gymnasium the Turner does just this. No matter how many persons are there, whether twenty or five hundred, they are at once formed into classes. The most skilled are made leaders, and their commands are instantly obeyed. They not only teach each pupil what to do and how to do it, and what to avoid, but they stand by him and watch him incessantly, encouraging, catching him if he falls, guiding and directing his every act. And with every appliance in all the place he is erelong familiar. No wonder that such tutoring soon brings good pupils! no wonder, with the blood tingling through every vein and artery, with every air-cell in the lungs expanded, with every muscle in the body brought up and kept up to its normal and most effective size—no wonder that ruddy health and buoyant spirits come also! For every German knows, and every Yankee ought to know, how swiftly vigorous muscular action tells on the vital organs, aiding them in their work, till all do that work so well that the man is in perfect health. And this knowledge is so simple, too, and so easily got. Yet where do they teach it? Where is there one American school which takes as motherly care, not of some of its pupils, but of every one of them? Nowhere. Yes, there are two—one at West Point, the other at Annapolis. The universities and leading colleges make a fair attempt at it, but fall far short of the reality. But were their work simply perfect, what good would that do the very vast majority of our boys and girls, who never saw the inside of a college, and never will see it?

Chicago has partly wakened up—she is usually among the early risers—and is making a slight attempt to give each scholar in her schools a little daily work worth calling exercise: enough to help toward health to-day somewhat, but worth practically nothing in insuring lasting health and stamina for the important future years. St. Louis has the Delsarte system in the High-School and in the Normal School. But of what use is that to the thousands in all her other schools? As to New York and Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Boston, if their scholars were no better trained in geography and arithmetic than they are bodily, most of them could not tell where Ireland is, or how many feet make a mile. In superb gymnastic appliances, thanks largely to the great experience, thorough knowledge, and rare inventive power of Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, we lead the world, neither England nor the Continent coming even near us. But in putting that apparatus where the masses can use it, and in showing them how to use it, and the good it will do them, and the enjoyment they can get out of it, we are in the infant class. Athletes, the already sturdy and enduring, and who hence do not really need much exercise, take plenty of it, often far too much, at least of the violent kind. But who sees to it that it is had, not by those who do *not* need it, but by those who *do?* And that means nine out of ten of all the city-bred boys and girls—and men and women too—in the cities of America. Why, for miles in New York city, for instance, they not only have no play-ground or park where a boy can enjoy himself, but they actually arrest him if they catch him playing ball in the streets! It is not strange, then, that on the roster of this great club we find the names of our leading German citizens, far-seeing, intelligent men, judges and Congressmen, physicians and merchants, lawyers and millionaire manufacturers. Their example should be copied, till the Germans in every city have, if not as sumptuous, at least as inviting, a Turnhalle, and we Americans should outdo them right in their own favorite line. There is little danger of dissipation when you teach the citizen how to husband and add to his strength, and give him the attending self-respect. And there is little danger to the State when every man, woman, and child in it has thus at hand all the charm and aid and wholesome influence of a thousand homes combined.

AN AUTUMN IDYL AT LENOX.

A crowd of people in summer attire enter a long parlor from the supper table. Mrs. Irons, *an elderly widow, precedes. Behind is a group of young women. More elderly women follow. With one of them,* Miss Gravamen, *is* Dr. Paul Butler, *a young man, and the possessor of many pleasing external qualities. A group of younger women is immediately behind. Last of all enters* Miss Constance Fearing; *age, between that of young women and younger women. From the moment of entering,* Mrs. Irons *has been occupied arranging lamps and straightening the furniture.*

Mrs. Irons. Where is my chair? Oh, there.

[*She places the chair in front, left of stage, so that it commands the hall and the parlor.*

Miss Lamb (*a young woman*). You always sit there, don't you, Mrs. Irons?

Mrs. Irons (*with emphasis*). Every summer for five years. Come, Mrs. Stone [*addressing a very old lady*], sit down to your game. [*Leads her to a chair in background, and draws out a table.*] Miss Lamb, don't sit down in that easy-chair; you must help make up a hand for Mrs. Stone. [*Looks around with her finger on her lip.*] Mrs. Silver, you'll make a third in Mrs. Stone's game?

Mrs. Silver. I don't feel like playing this evening, Mrs. Irons. I have a little touch of gout.

Mrs. Irons. Sit down, sit down, Mrs. Silver. You'll feel all the better if you win a game or two from Mrs. Stone.

[*Places her in a chair. As* Mrs. Irons *looks about for a fourth, and proceeds to dispose of every one,* Dr. Paul *and* Constance *advance toward foreground; crowd surrounding them, except in front.* Dr. Paul *seizes her hand with fervor.*

Dr. Paul. Miss Fearing [*she smiles and bows with dignity*], I saw you at the supper table.

Constance (*frosty rising inflection*). Yes?

Dr. Paul. You were drinking milk and eating honey.

Constance (*gently bridling her head*). Well, really!

Dr. Paul. I only tell you that that you may know how attentively I observed you.

Constance. Oh! [*apparently relieved*]. Then you didn't mean to suggest hot water, or offer me a diet list?

Dr. Paul. No; your food seemed quite ideal. But since you have introduced me as an expert, permit me to say that you appear in radiant health—and spirits.

[Mrs. Irons *comes around to them.*

Mrs. Irons. Doctor, you shall have a royal game to-night.

Miss Gravamen (*hastening over*). The doctor is going to play at my table. I played whist with your grandmother, and I played with your mother, and now I must have a game with her son.

[*Lays her hand on his arm.*

Dr. Paul. I assure you, Miss Gravamen, at whist I'm unworthy of my ancestry.

Miss Gravamen (*resolutely*). That, sir, you shall have a chance to disprove.

[Mrs. Irons *places a card table at right front, and arranges chairs.*

Dr. Paul (*to Constance*). Can't you rescue me?

Constance. Your patron saint couldn't do that.

Dr. Paul. Then don't abandon me.

Constance (*with softened manner*). I will throw myself into the gulf.

Dr. Paul (*briskly*). So be it. Miss Gravamen, you and I against Miss Curtia.

Constance (*coolly*). Oh, I'm not going to play whist. I'm going to word-building with Mrs. Irons.

[Dr. Paul *looks dismayed.* Mrs. Irons *is sitting two old ladies down at table at right.* Constance *draws out table at left in line with table at right, and places the chairs so that the back of one is near the back of chair at table at right, in which an old lady is just placed.*

Constance. I think, Mrs. Wealthy, you will find the other chair more comfortable. Dr. Butler, would you kindly exchange places with Mrs. Wealthy? [*They exchange.*

[*Meanwhile three young ladies have seated themselves on sofa at right, one with book, one with newspaper, and one with fancy-work, over which they look at* Dr. Paul. *The younger women group themselves in the door, and talk together while they look at* Dr. Paul. Mrs. Irons *and an elderly lady sit at table at left.* Mrs. Irons *pours out a number of letters from a box, and arranges them.* Constance *sits down in chair with back to* Dr. Paul, *who turns and perceives her. Looking over his right shoulder, he addresses her.*

Dr. Paul. Is your game absorbing?

Constance (*looking over left shoulder*). No; it is very simple.

Dr. Paul. Then if I occasionally speak to you it won't interrupt you?

Constance. Oh, dear, no. Mrs. Irons, let us take authors, mere words are so stupid.

Mrs. Irons. I'm a woman of plain words, but I'll avail myself of your condescension to-night.

Dr. Paul. It seems there are to be some happy preliminaries settled here, so I have a moment's respite. [*There is a movement at his table. He waits for a reply, but* Constance *occupies herself with her letters.*] I was unlucky that last day I saw you in town.

Constance (*slightly turning her head*). I had quite forgotten it.

Dr. Paul. Then I am still unlucky.

Constance. You are hard to please.

Dr. Paul. Rather the unluck, if I may say it, has shifted. Forgetfulness implies indifference, and indifference is more grievous than forgetfulness.

Constance. Your reasoning makes me dizzy.

Miss Gravamen (*tapping on table*). Your play, doctor.

Mrs. Irons. Miss Fearing, don't you see we are waiting?

Dr. Paul. Certainly. What are trumps? How many times have spades gone around? Why, of course. [*Plays.*

Constance (*sweetly*). But you see, Mrs. Irons, one must play carefully.

Dr. Paul (*holding up his hand as if in consultation with* Constance). That last speech of yours was well aimed.

Constance. Did you speak. [*Looks over her shoulder.*] Oh, I only referred to myself. You see I haven't pursued a train of thought in any direction since I came. Nothing of the sort is required here. The presence of a man immediately increases our responsibilities. It is like having a man at luncheon.

Dr. Paul (*turning further sideways*). Now confess; what do you do when you are by yourselves?

Constance. Our serious employments are playing cards, sitting on the piazza, and paying visits. Eating and sleeping are our diversions.

Dr. Paul. You talk?

Constance. We *parler*, we don't *causer*.

Dr. Paul. You chatter, you don't converse?

Constance. That is scarcely polite. You had better keep to the French.

Dr. Paul. And you gossip?

Constance. Not at all. We have only an enlightened interest in our fellow-creatures. We like to know who they are and where they come from, to have heard of their grandmothers, and to have an adequate knowledge of their affairs; some of their experiences are not amiss. Naturally we communicate this to one another. But it is as far removed as possible from gossip, or even vulgar curiosity.

Dr. Paul. Oh, I see! Your discrimination impresses me.

Miss Gravamen. Mrs. Wealthy, will you jog the doctor's elbow?

Dr. Paul. Beg pardon. I was only consulting Miss Fearing about a doubtful point. [*Plays.*

Miss Gravamen (*screams*). Doctor, you have revoked. You refused hearts last round.

Dr. Paul. Did I? Impossible! [*Innocently.*] I told you I was a novice.

Miss Gravamen. Novice your granny. Fancy your grandmother's grandson playing whist badly. Don't let the traditions die, sir. I'll put you in the old road.

Dr. Paul (*bowing*). I am sure I could not have a more faithful and conscientious instructor.

Miss Gravamen. Well, I'll do my duty this evening.

Dr. Paul (*to* Constance). How long do we do this?

Constance (*promptly*). Until eleven, and then we are sent to bed.

Dr. Paul (*plaintively*). I wish my grandmother had never been born.

Constance. How unfilial!

Dr. Paul. I didn't say my mother. Her mother. [*Plays absently.*

Miss Gravamen (*shrieks*). Doctor, that's my trick. Don't take it.

Dr. Paul. What are trumps—clubs? Somebody ought to have told me. Now if I played here every evening, I'd have a little bulletin, you know, and show up the winning colors. We'll give you a hint at the club races.

Miss Gravamen. That reminds me. Mrs. Wealthy, didn't you play?

[*They discuss previous play earnestly.*

Dr. Paul (*turns to* CONSTANCE). By no happy conjunction of circumstances. Can't these tables be made to row at the same time?

Constance (*appears not to hear*). There, Mrs. Irons, I'll take your Car. That gives me Carlisle.

Mrs. Irons. Not at all—not at all. That isn't the way to spell Carlyle.

Constance. Oh, I'm sure I've seen it so.

Mrs. Irons (*very excited*). Not at all.

Constance. Let us settle it by authority. Maggie Bruce, won't you run to my room and bring me a dictionary of authors, in the lower left-hand corner of my trunk? Take out the two upper trays. The key is on the mantel.

[*Leans back composedly.*

Dr. Paul. If you only knew how grateful I am!

Constance. Yes, you should be. I've imperilled my reputation. I heard myself drop in those girls' minds. You see, I was something of an authority.

Dr. Paul. When they are older they will remember it as a noble example of self-sacrifice.

[*Turns sideways, as does* CONSTANCE.

Constance. I hear you are going to ride at the club races.

Dr. Paul. Yes, I'm in for two. Will you enter your pony?

Constance. How could I? and who would ride him? They won't allow the groom. I wouldn't trust him to anybody.

Dr. Paul. Would you allow me?

Constance. But your own horses?

Dr. Paul. True. But I'll match you in self-sacrifice. I'll ride your pony against my own. It's beyond the power of man to go further than that.

Constance (*thoughtfully*). Which do you value most, your horsemanship or your horse?

Dr. Paul (*thoughtfully*). Well, my horsemanship, that's a more personal quality, although my judgment was no slouch when I bought that mare.

Constance (*drawling*). Beg pardon!

Dr. Paul. I only said I thought I showed excellent judgment when I purchased my pony.

Constance. Thanks.

Dr. Paul. Of course I'd ride to win. I couldn't help that. Poor Pickles! [*Sighing.*

Constance. Why do you sigh?

Dr. Paul. I was thinking of the instability of human affection. However [*briskly*], I'm not afraid of Pickles helping to arrange a procession with any mount.

[MAGGIE BRUCE *enters with book, and hands it to* MRS. IRONS.

Mrs. Irons. There, Miss Fearing, I knew I was right. [*Cries all over the room.*] Mrs. Silver, I knew I was right. Miss Gravamen—everybody—I was right!

Dr. Paul (*to* CONSTANCE). Never you mind! what's a trumpery name! You'll have your triumph at the races. [*Aside.*] I'll steel my heart against my own little brute. Yes, Miss Gravamen, I'm all attention.

[*The games proceed once more.* DR. PAUL *looks over his shoulder.*

Dr. Paul. It is moonlight, and I saw easy-chairs on the piazza.

Miss Gravamen (*hears him*). Yes, and malaria. Your play, Mrs. Wealthy. It's very imprudent. Hot-beds of malaria. We never sit there after nightfall.

Dr. Paul. My dear Miss Gravamen, malaria respects doctors. Such is the *esprit de corps* in our profession that even diseases are impressed by it. But although you would be perfectly safe there with me, I won't tempt you. [*Plays.*

Mrs. Irons. Doctor, you and Miss Gravamen flirting? I won't have her young affections played with. Your play, Miss Fearing.

[*Both* DR. PAUL *and* CONSTANCE *rub their necks from time to time as if they hurt. He turns, but feels a sudden pain; recovers, and turns again.*

Dr. Paul. It seems to me you might have arranged better.

Constance. I? Arranged? [*She busies herself with her game.*] Mrs. Irons, you've robbed me unmercifully. Now I'm going to attend to my interests.

[DR. PAUL *feels he is abandoned, and ruefully attends to his game. Then turns slightly, and says softly.*

Dr. Paul. Constance! Constance!

[*She starts, drops her handkerchief; both reach for it. Their heads, reversed, are near together.*

Dr. Paul. Forgive me.

Constance. Don't call me that again.

Dr. Paul. Call what?

Constance. Why, that name you—

Dr. Paul. It was for you alone. If—

Constance (*desperately*). You don't know how acute hearing grows with years.

Dr. Paul. I won't if you'll forgive me, Constance.

[*She doesn't answer. They recover their positions with faces red from stooping. Each plays in silence. Then she speaks over her shoulder.*

Constance (*sweetly*). If you would like to talk to Miss Mason there I can arrange it. She has a pretty taste in sea-weeds.

Dr. Paul. Now you are too amiable.

Constance. Or perhaps you would prefer one of the younger girls in the door. Alice Marble is considered very amusing.

[DR. PAUL *turns to look his indignant protest, but his glance cannot be brought to bear successfully.*

Dr. Paul. I am looking at you very reproachfully.

Constance. I thought my back hair seemed moved. [*Turns*]. But seriously, look around this room. Can you not see that your escape is practically impossible? The best thing you can do is to accept the situation philosophically, and make the best of it.

Miss Gravamen. I never saw a man take so much time to deliberate. Doctor, we're waiting your play.

Dr. Paul. My dear lady, a man's mental processes are clumsy. The swift leaps to conclusive action are the advantages of your sex. You know you'd never forgive me if I played third hand low.

[*Plays with much hesitation.*

Miss Gravamen [*throws up her hands in despair, noisily*]. He's trumped my trick!—he's trumped my trick! [*Great confusion. Servant enters with letters.*

Mrs. Irons. Here, Rosy, come this way. [*Takes the letter from her, looks at inscription.*] It's for you, Mrs. Silver. Rosy, is the man waiting? It looks like Mrs. Tom Whelan's hand. I shouldn't be surprised if it was an invitation to dinner.

[*All become interested in the last event. Under cover of this,* DR. PAUL *turns his body around sidewise and looks over the back of his chair.*

Dr. Paul. I have taken your advice.

Constance. I never trumped my partner's trick in my life.

Dr. Paul. That was the first step toward becoming a philosopher—

Constance. I fail to see the connection.

Dr. Paul. —And making the best of the situation. I'm going away on the early-bird train.

Constance. Oh! (*softly*).

Dr. Paul. Are you thinking of the races?

Constance (*promptly*). Yes—of the races.

Dr. Paul. I don't mean to disappoint you. I wasn't thinking of the races. [*Constance moves uneasily.*] Some way we seemed to be better friends in town.

Constance. I am sure—

Dr. Paul. You hold me off at arm's-length here. [CONSTANCE *glances unconsciously at the position of their chairs.*] I am sure that several times I have felt the scratch of velvet *pattes*. You see, under advice, I'm keeping to French. [CONSTANCE *does not turn, but her back expresses indignant eloquence.*] I am sure it is not any miserable vanity on my part that makes me still feel you were piqued—

Constance (*turns*). Piqued?

[*Resumes her position.*

Dr. Paul. It is a miserable word misapplied, but you see I haven't time to pick and choose words. You were right; your resentment was womanly and proper. [CONSTANCE *turns an encouraging ear.*] What would become of us men if women did not indicate disapproval? A woman may walk like an angel through scenes little angelic, but men take the color of their surroundings.

Constance (*murmurs over her shoulder*). I didn't mean to sit in judgment on you.

Dr. Paul. That is the exquisiteness of it. Unconsciously a woman draws aside her skirts when there is mud on our garments. For us the movement is sufficient. [CONSTANCE *expands and turns further around*]. But when she discovers our chagrin she remembers. Then her heart is touched, and the sun comes out. Constance, she smiles.

[CONSTANCE *turns, looks him in the face, and smiles. He gazes at her very soberly.*

Constance. Why do you look so gloomy?

Dr. Paul. Your smile recalls to me that you have the misfortune of all absolute monarchs. You are too free and too happy.

Constance. Is not that a misfortune that may be safely left to time?

Dr. Paul. My profession does not encourage a *laissez faire* policy.

Constance (*mockingly*). What is to be done?

Dr. Paul. Sometimes in our profession to counteract one disturbance we set up another and less serious.

Constance. Ah! then you have a prescription?

[MRS. IRONS *and* MISS GRAVAMEN *are calling loudly on* CONSTANCE *and* DR. PAUL *to resume their games. They turn reluctantly and give a few moments' attention.*

Dr. Paul (*looking over his shoulder*). Yes, I have. Have you never observed a certain praiseworthy consistence in my conduct?

Constance (*looking over her shoulder*). I have no profession that has trained me to observe. But I should like to be told of it.

Dr. Paul (*plays*). Where you are, I am; when you hunt, I am with the hounds; when you dance, I am at the ball; and, merciful powers! here I am playing cards under circumstances that would melt a heart of stone, cheating and intriguing with one hand, and on my knees with the other to get a word with you. [*Plays.*] There are men who go through fire for women, and men who go through water, but in the whole category of devotional exercises, from Leander down, there is none that compares with mine. Yes, Miss Gravamen. [*Plays.*] Oh, beg pardon! I didn't observe that was your ace. [*Leans back again.*] Constance, be kind. Why am I here but for love of you?

Constance. I cannot believe, that is—

Dr. Paul. Ah, Constance, this is not the first moment you have known that I love you. Certainly, Mrs. Wealthy; I was waiting your play. [*Plays.*] Constance, give me one word of hope.

Constance (*softly over her shoulder*). Hope!

Dr. Paul. Your tone reassures me, but, alas, I cannot see your face, Constance, nor your beautiful eyes. Give me one touch, just one, of your hand.

[CONSTANCE *lets her hand fall by her side;* DR. PAUL *makes several efforts to find it.*

Dr. Paul. My play again. Why, yes, of course.

[*Plays; then discovers* CONSTANCE'S *hand.* MISS GRAVAMEN *pushes back her chair and throws up her hands.*

Miss Gravamen. Lost! Simply given away! Never have I taken a hand in so miserable a game!

[DR. PAUL *still holds* CONSTANCE'S *hand. The young women see him, and have dropped both paper and work in astonishment. The younger women see him, and retire behind one another's shoulders to express their feelings.*

Dr. Paul. And never have I taken a hand in so successful a game.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

BURNING THE RANGE.

EXPERIENCE has taught our Indians that in certain sections burning the grass insures its better growth. Following aboriginal methods—using, however, greater precautions—our stockmen also burn over their ranges. It is a natural method of enriching the ground, because the ashes of the plants are reabsorbed by the soil, and this tends toward the better nourishment of vegetable life in the future. On the high plains in the early spring the grass never is very high, and barely dry, save under exceptional circumstances, and so a prairie fire is not always a serious matter, having certain circumscribed limits. It does happen, however, at times, that the fire spreads, catching the high grass, and a wide area is burnt over, and a grand conflagration takes place, even reaching the timber. At certain seasons of the year the horizon on the plains is imperceptible from these smoke clouds, and the air pervaded with the odor of burning grass. Mr. REMINGTON'S sketch shows an Indian in the act of burning his range. He has been careful to note the direction of the wind, so that he may not cut off his own retreat. He may have with him the matches of civilization, bought from some sutler at the nearest post, or may have used flint and steel, to light his own bunch of grass, with which he fires the range. Sometimes a half-dozen Indians along a long frontage will set fire to the grass at the same time, then quickly mount their horses and be off again at full gallop, so as to burn another part of their range some miles distant. Indians generally fire their ranges at sundown, and during the night the sky reflects the lurid flames of the burning prairie. Vegetation in these sections is wonderfully rapid. If after the fire there falls the slightest shower—often without it—in a day or so the sweet succulent grasses spring up again, and then the hard-worked Indian ponies revel for a short season on the tender herbage.

TUNNELLING UNDER THE HUDSON.

THE Hoboken ferry-boats sometimes pass through a peculiar circular patch of water through which air is constantly bubbling, covering the surface with a white foam, which, when the water is smooth, makes the spot conspicuous. This spot is directly opposite the great coaling docks, and nearly in the middle of the river. Seventy feet below the surface, working in the silt constituting the bed of the river, is a gang of men engaged in building the tunnel to connect New York and Jersey City. The bubbling is caused by the air in the tunnel escaping through little holes and crevices in the silt, and while indicating no unsafe condition of things, it is of decided advantage, as will appear when we visit the submarine chamber.

The western entrance to the tunnel is located about half-way between the Hoboken and Erie ferries. The visitor is most courteously received, and upon expressing a desire to visit the heading is provided with the requisite outfit, consisting of an old hat, coat, and rubber boots reaching to the hips. The entrance to the tunnel is a shaft, or well, thirty feet across by sixty deep. Leading down the well are steep steps which the ordinary individual ignores upon perceiving that he can descend quickly and without exertion by boarding an elevator which is operated by a hoisting engine placed on timbers spanning the mouth of the shaft. About half-way down, in the river side of the shaft, is a boarded-up circular hole, and at the opposite side of the shaft, resting upon beams, is what looks like a large rusted boiler having a small door in each end.

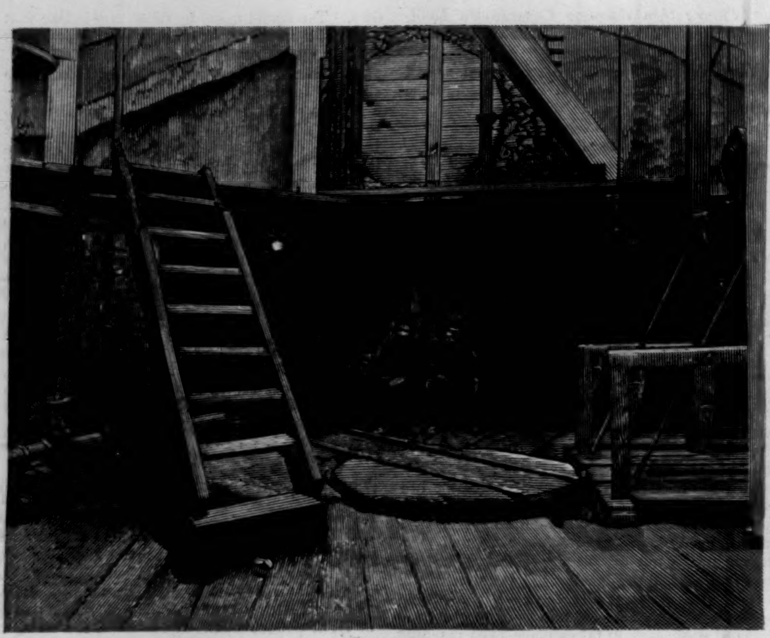
Seven years ago this boiler fitted the opening in the wall, and served as an air lock through which the men entered and left the work, and through which all the silt was removed and the supplies passed for the building of several hundred feet of tunnel. In the wall at the bottom of the shaft are two openings of irregular shape; the right-hand opening leads to the south tunnel, and the other to the north. The tunnel consists, in fact, of two independent and similar tunnels, which, both here and at the New York end, are united by a large chamber, but which for the intervening distance will run parallel with and a few feet from each other. Under the stairs is a pump for supplying water to the masons in the heading, the necessary head being obtained by a stand-pipe extending above the top of the shaft. Looking down the tunnel, the visitor sees a chamber having a half-moon section, the length of which cannot be judged, as it loses itself in mist. The passage appears to be about seven feet high and fifteen wide, the roof curving down to meet the floor. The tunnel actually measures sixteen feet in width by eighteen in height, but all except the space at the top is filled with the material excavated from the heading. This plan is followed since it will be easier and cheaper to remove it after completion than while the work is in progress. At intervals of fifty feet are incandescent electric lights having tin reflectors behind them. Leading down the tunnel are two narrow-gauge tracks, upon which run small iron cars. The sound made by these cars is like that heard when standing under an arch over which a heavy wagon rumbles.

At a distance of twelve hundred feet from the shaft all further progress seems to be barred by a solid wall of masonry completely filling the tunnel. Embedded in the wall is the first air lock, the door of which is closed. Just above the door projects a short pipe, out of range of which those acquainted with the work are careful to stand. Presently there is a terrific noise, and a blast of air issuing from the pipe creates a current which makes the candle flames jump. The reason for keeping out of line of that pipe now becomes apparent, and it is easy to appreciate the great pressure upon the other side of the door. The noise resembles that made by escaping steam, but is much more intense. The massive little door now swings inward—all the doors in both air locks open toward the heading, and are, of course, held by the air pressure when closed—and out pours the dense fog that had been caused by the expanding air. The interior of the lock is now dimly visible. It is a tube six feet in diameter and fifteen feet long. Closing its inner end is a second door. Along the bottom is laid a railroad track. Two cars loaded with bricks for the heading are run into the lock, a short section of movable track being laid over the sill of the door, when the passengers crowd in beside the cars and assume as comfortable positions as the cramped quarters will allow.

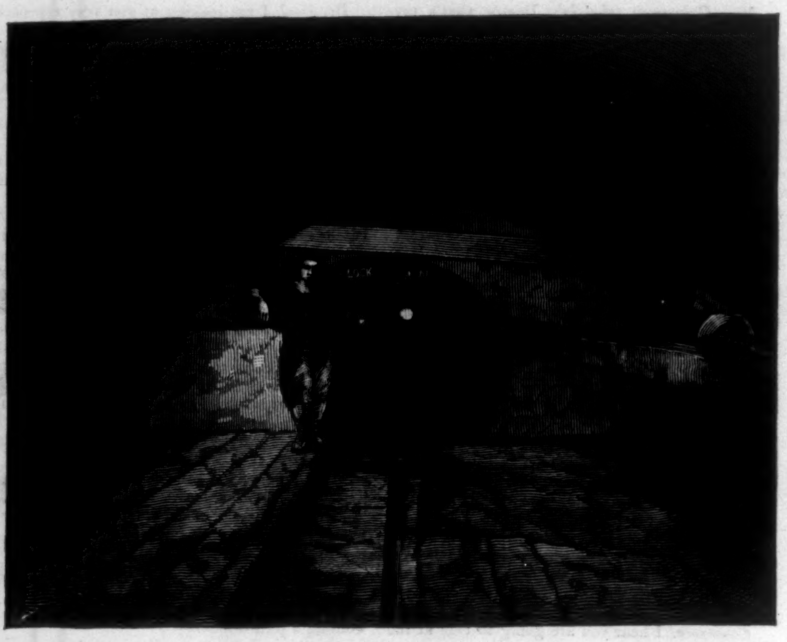
After the pressure in the lock has reached six or eight pounds to the square inch the valve is closed, and the stranger is asked how he feels. If all right, more air is let in; if not, he is granted the privilege of withdrawing should he desire to do so. Once in a while the visitor is subject to a peculiar heart trouble, his heart sinking to the toes of his long boots; it would be unpleasant for him to continue the exploration, and he is therefore released. At this stage of the journey the average visitor thinks, if he can perform such an operation in the presence of a deafening noise, which is now terribly intense, as it is confined by the small lock. He knows that he is under the river, a quarter of a mile from shore. If of a mathematical turn, he figures that the three-by-four door will soon be held shut by a pressure of over forty thousand pounds, or twenty tons; and should it become essential for him to run, it would be useless to pull the latch-string. He trusts that the masonry in which the lock is set is of ample strength, and hopes that none of the bolts will give way. He then consoles himself with the reflection that he is less liable to injury here than he would be in an ordinary tunnel, as he is effectually sealed in and protected by the lock itself. At the end of two or three minutes the air becomes very warm, the noise dies away, and the inner door is swung open.

The visitor steps from the lock into the middle section of the tunnel, and although he is now under a pressure of twenty-five pounds to the square inch, he is in no way inconvenienced except when talking. His voice appears to come from a distance, and has an unnatural sound. He finds his pulse has increased from twenty to forty beats to the minute, and has weakened considerably; there is no throbbing action of the heart. He puckers his lips to whistle, but finds that, except in the case of an exceptionally strong man, he cannot overcome the pressure surrounding him. He looks about him, and perceives that the section he is now in differs in no way from the one he first entered. Passing down the tunnel, he meets the second air lock at the end of 400 feet from the first, or 1600 feet from the shaft. He is now proud and confident, and has a friendly feeling for the lock, into which he boldly steps. The door behind him being closed, the valve is turned, and in about fifteen seconds he is under an additional pressure of seven pounds to the square inch, making a total of thirty-two pounds. The same precautions are necessary in this lock as in the first. Emerging from the lock, he enters the third or heading section of the tunnel. Secured to the wall alongside of the lock door is a telephone communicating with the office at the mouth of the shaft. Three hundred feet from the shaft we come to the heading itself, in which a gang of thirty or forty men is engaged in digging toward New York. The work is lighted by twenty 16-candle-power incandescent lamps, and occasionally a candle is employed to illuminate a particularly dark spot. These candles have very small wicks and remarkably large bodies, this form being adopted owing to the great facility with which combustion takes place under compressed air. Wet timber burns easily, and the flame of a blown-out candle will often return.

The method of prosecuting the work is difficult to describe because of its very simplicity. If we roll this paper into two tubes, one an inch and the other four inches in diameter, and then support the smaller tube concentrically in the larger by matches for braces, like the spokes in a wheel, we shall obtain an accurate illustration of the form and proportions of the heading. Supposing the outer tube to be lined with brick masonry half an inch thick, and the inner tube and braces removed, we have the completed tunnel. Extending longitudinally through the centre of the heading is the so-called "pilot" tunnel, which is six feet in diameter and about fifty feet in length. This is our small tube. It is built of heavy iron plates, flanged at each edge, and all made after the same pattern. The head of the pilot is kept fifteen feet or more in advance of the face of the heading, and thus acts as a pilot or explorer. The rear end of the pilot enters some distance in the completed tunnel, from which it is supported by radial braces. By this means the pilot is firmly held at each end, and its central portion forms a rigid foundation or hub, upon which the braces carrying the work being erected can be rested. As it is advanced, the plates are removed from its rear end and bolted to the forward end. The material excavated from the pilot heading is



AT BOTTOM OF SHAFT, LOOKING TOWARD TUNNELS.



THE AIR LOCK.

wheeled in barrows to the rear, and dumped in the finished tunnel.

The face of the main heading is divided into steps or terraces, upon which the men stand when shovelling out the silt, which is loaded on cars running on a track laid on top of the pilot. These cars are pushed by hand up to the lock. Between the two locks the cars are hauled by a mule which has now been under pressure continually for three months, and yet is in perfect condition, and appears to be contented with his surroundings. Up the long stretch from the first lock to the shaft the cars are drawn by a second mule. At the bottom of the shaft is a turntable for guiding the cars to the elevator. Supplies for the tunnel take the same route.

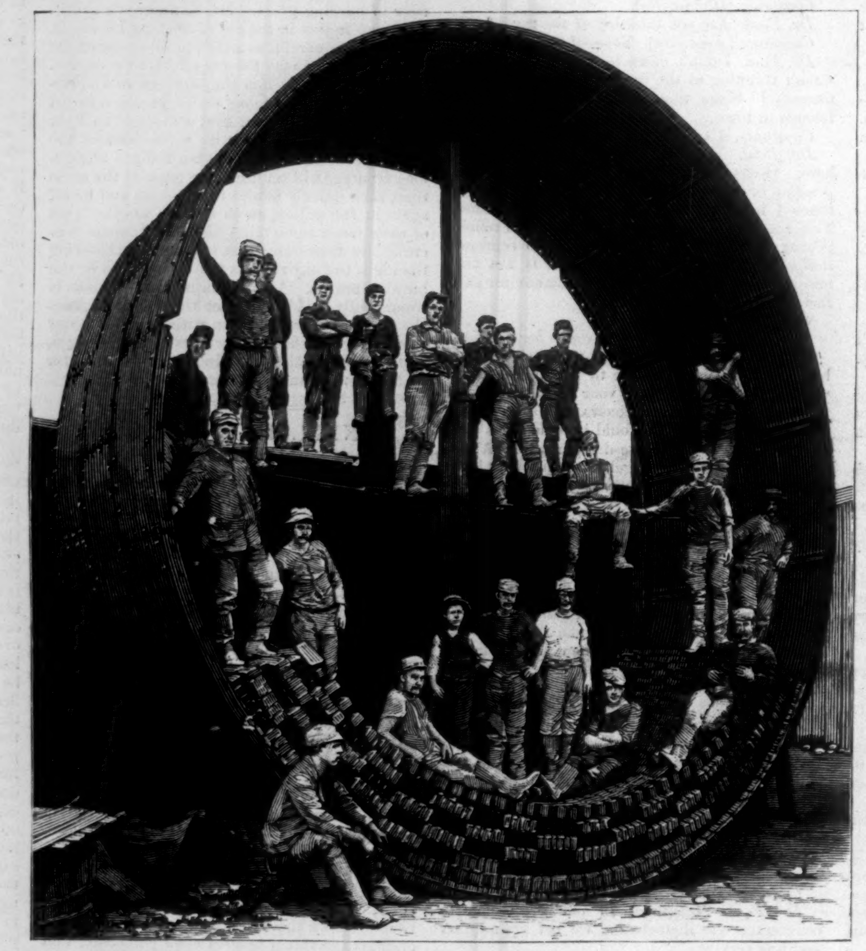
The visitor is here forcibly reminded of a strange fact. The bank which the men are digging away is unsupported, except here and there by a braced plank. He is aware that this wall of silt is all that separates him from the waters of the Hudson, and yet he feels no alarm. The air pressure within the heading and the hydrostatic head without balance each other, and such is the tenacity and compactness of the silt that it serves perfectly as a dividing wall. This is the principle underlying this method of tunnelling. Should the air pressure become too great, it would be indicated by the silt dropping down in small lumps, the water in it being driven out. When the air pressure is reduced beyond a certain limit, the fact is shown by the water coming through the silt and running down in little streams. It would be difficult to conceive of a more reliable system for ascertaining the exact condition of the work. As the silt is excavated at the crown, a segmental iron plate, flanged around the edges, is placed in position, and bolted to those already in. Similar plates are placed each side, and so on down the sides of the excavation, until a ring has been put in. Other rings are inserted, until a section, or twelve feet, has been completely lined with iron. The plates are braced from the pilot. This forms our larger or four-inch tube. The section is then thoroughly cleaned of all dirt, and the brick-work laid two and one-half feet thick around the whole section. Excavating the heading, placing the plates, building the masonry, and advancing the pilot all go on at the same time. The rapidity with which the operations can be carried on may be judged from the fact that during the past three months an average of three and a half feet of tunnel has been completed each day of twenty-four hours. This is important, since the labor bill is the largest item in the cost of the whole tunnel.

The atmosphere in the tunnel is very pure. The air supply pipe leading from the air compressors on the surface opens in the heading, so that the men get the full benefit of the fresh air coming in. Every time the lock is opened a certain amount of more or less foul air escapes. The minute openings in the silt through which the air rushes and forms the white patch on the surface of the river aid materially in ventilating the heading. The temperature is about ten degrees less than in the office. The men are not incommoded in any way. They perspire very freely, and the air appears to exhilarate them. The weakest man on the work can easily lift and hold on his back a plate weighing a hundred and sixty pounds while it is being bolted. Once in a while, when coming out, a man will have an attack of the "bends," or caisson disease, but it is generally found to be caused by something in addition to the air. The journey out of the tunnel is without incident, except when passing through the locks. Suddenly reducing the pressure lowers the temperature, and we find the heavy coat which we had carried on our arm in the heading most acceptable.

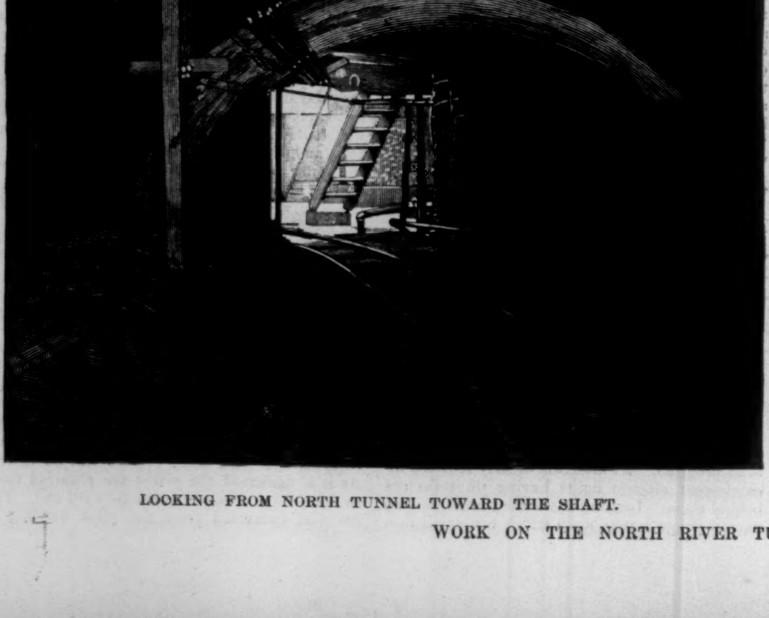
At the present time the north tunnel, the one described, has been finished for nineteen hundred feet, and the south tunnel six hundred feet. At the New York end the heading of the north tunnel is two hundred feet, and that of the south tunnel thirty feet, from the caisson which was there sunk in place of a shaft. The only heading now worked is the one visited.

The writer wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. C. A. Haskin, the Superintendent of the tunnel, and his assistants, who did everything in their power to make the photographs of the work successful. The writer is also indebted to Messrs. C. T. White & Son, who kindly lent him an improved lamp for burning magnesium ribbon.

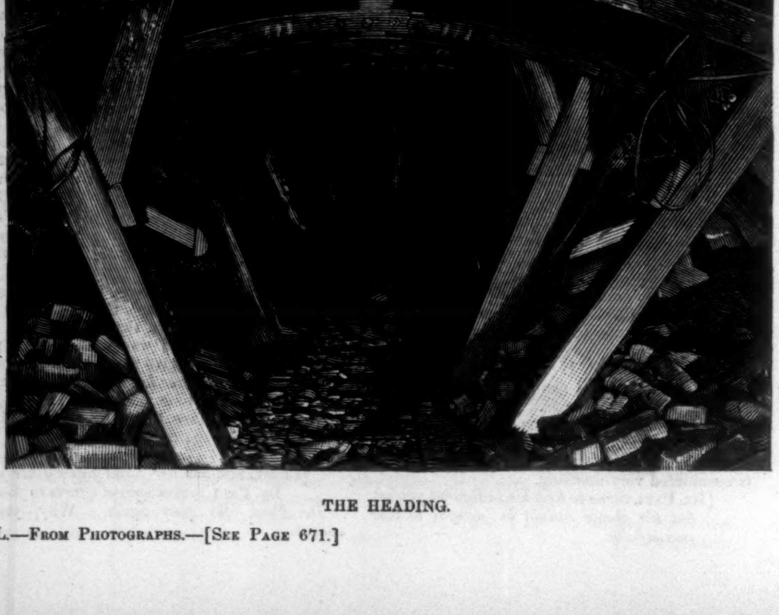
S. D. V. Burr.



"THE GANG."

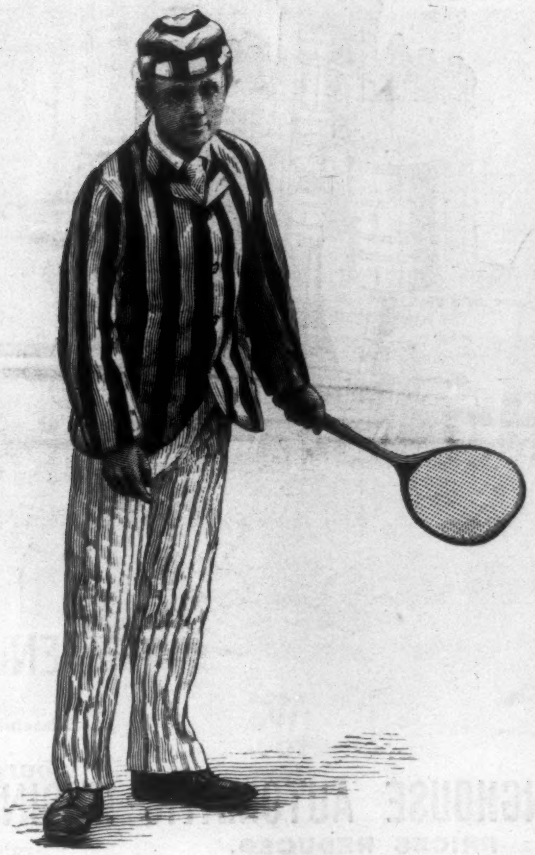


LOOKING FROM NORTH TUNNEL TOWARD THE SHAFT.

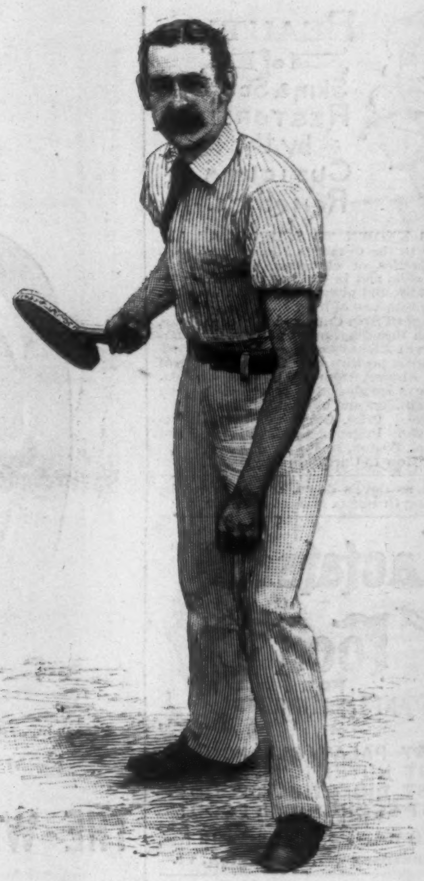


THE HEADING.

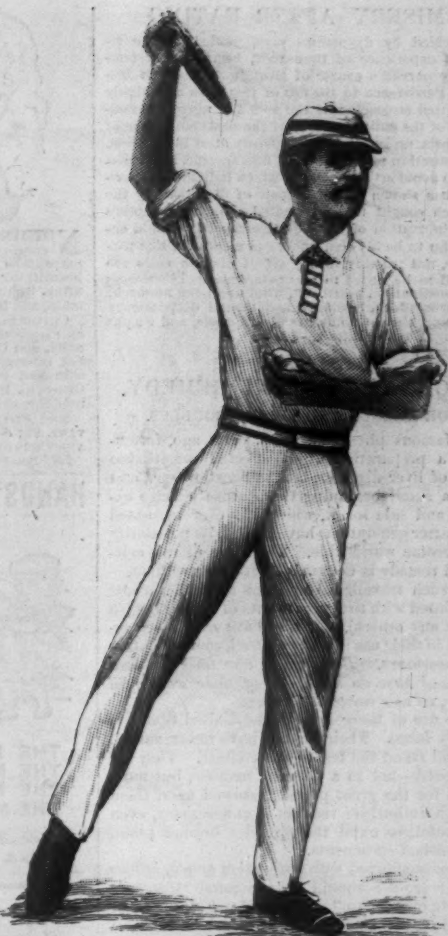
WORK ON THE NORTH RIVER TUNNEL.—From Photographs.—[See Page 671.]



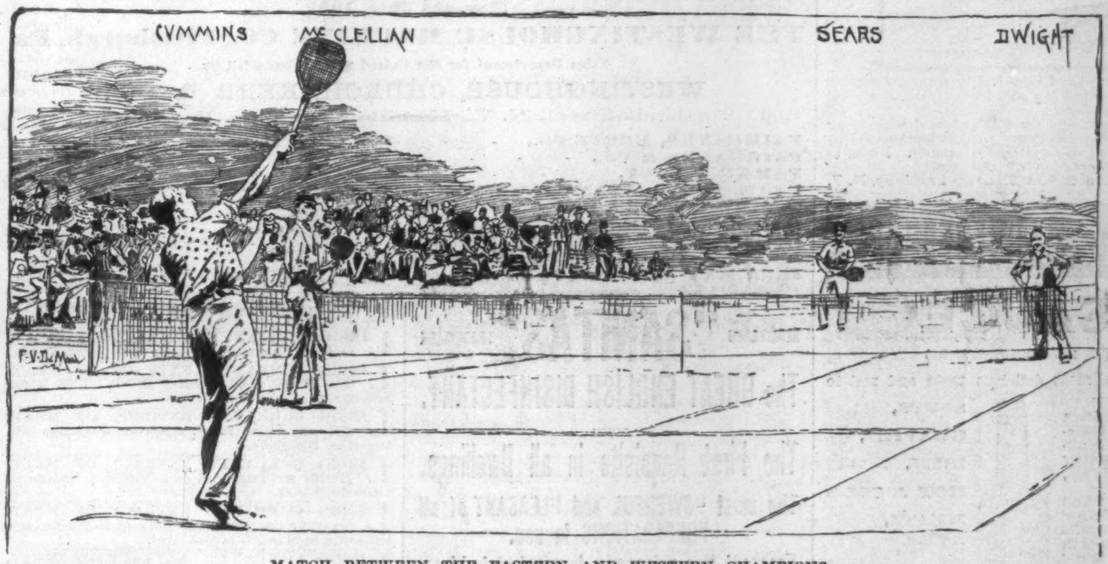
HOWARD A. TAYLOR.



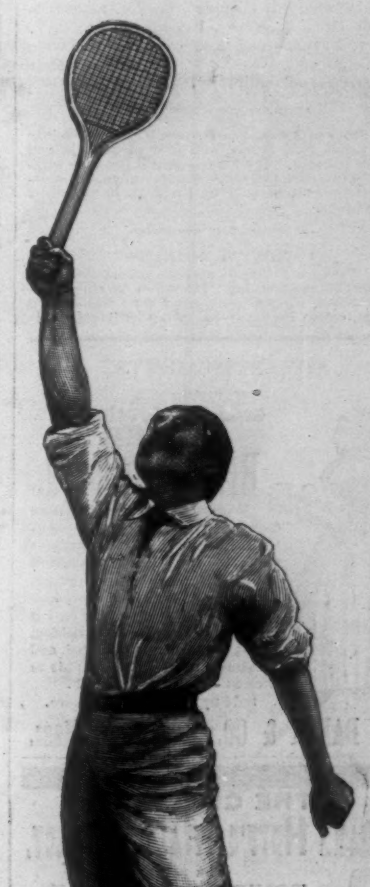
H. W. SLOCUM, JUN.

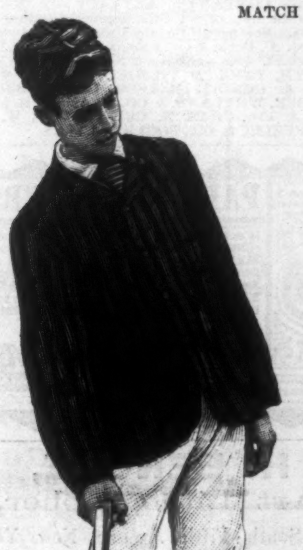


R. D. SEARS.

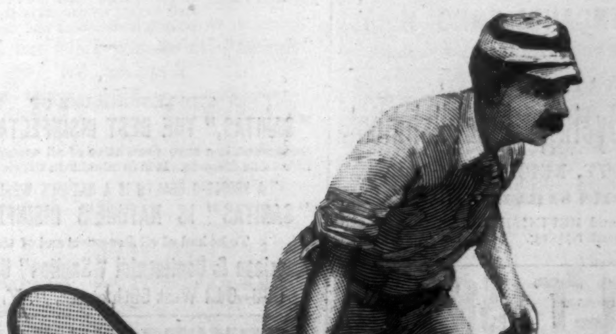

CUMMINS
McCLELLAN
SEARS
DWIGHT
F. V. Du Mond

MATCH BETWEEN THE EASTERN AND WESTERN CHAMPIONS.





O. S. CAMPBELL.



JAMES DWIGHT.

J. S. CLARK.

THE LEADING PLAYERS AT THE ORANGE LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.—From Instantaneous Photographs.—[See Page 667.]

MISERY AFTER EATING

Is avoided by dyspeptics who, guided by the recorded experience of thousands, begin and systematically pursue a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Persistence in the use of this pure and highly accredited stomachic is the sole and agreeable condition of the entire removal of the obstinate forms of dyspepsia, no less than a temporary fit of indigestion. In connection with the use of this specific, it is desirable to avoid articles of food which individual experience has shown to be difficult of digestion by the stomach sought to be benefited. Each dyspeptic's past observation of his digestive capacity should enable him to be his own guide and mentor in this particular, not trusting to any set of dietetic rules too general to be suited to particular cases. Biliousness and constipation, heartburn, wind upon the stomach, sour eructations, headache, and mental despondency are among the concomitants of dyspepsia, and we put it to flight by the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

A GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

FOR BILIOUS AND LIVER TROUBLES.

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To such travelled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. *But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.*

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Persons afflicted with *indigestion or any bilious or liver trouble* should bear in mind "COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS," and should *ask for them* of their druggist, and if he has not got them, insist that he should order them, especially for themselves, of any wholesale dealer, of whom they can be had. JAMES COCKLE & Co., 4 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C., are the proprietors.—[*Adv.*]

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IT was noticed that the five crack players at the recent Orange Tournament were all using the celebrated "Beeckman" Racket, manufactured by PECK & SNYDER, 126 Nassau St., N. Y. PECK & SNYDER send Photographs, in playing costume, of the above five players, with complete Tennis rules, on receipt of 10c. stamps.—[*Adv.*]

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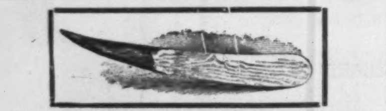

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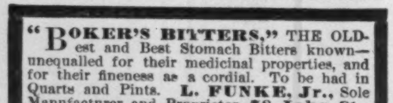

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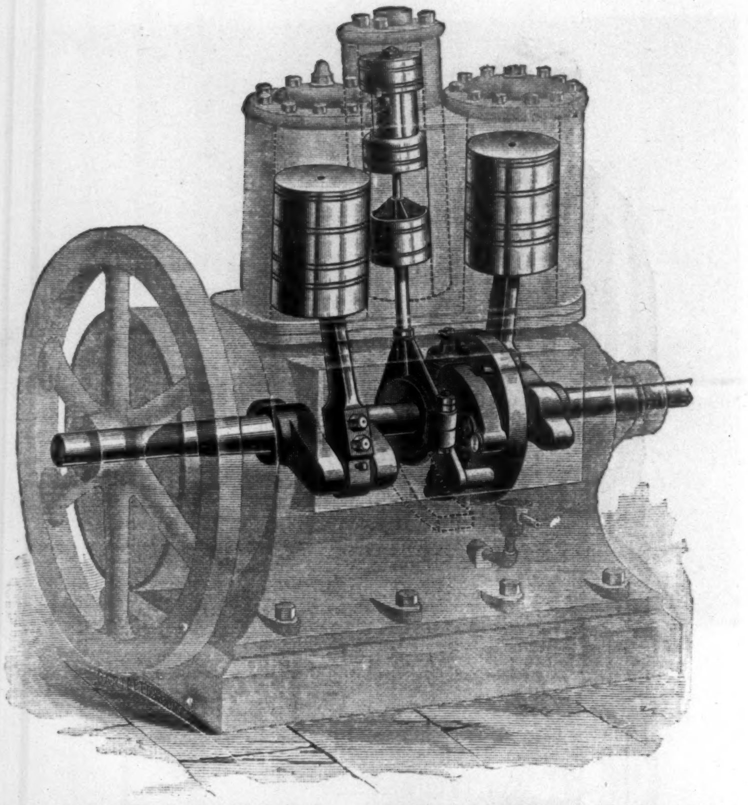

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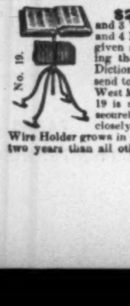

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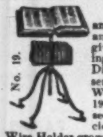

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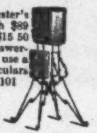

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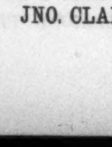

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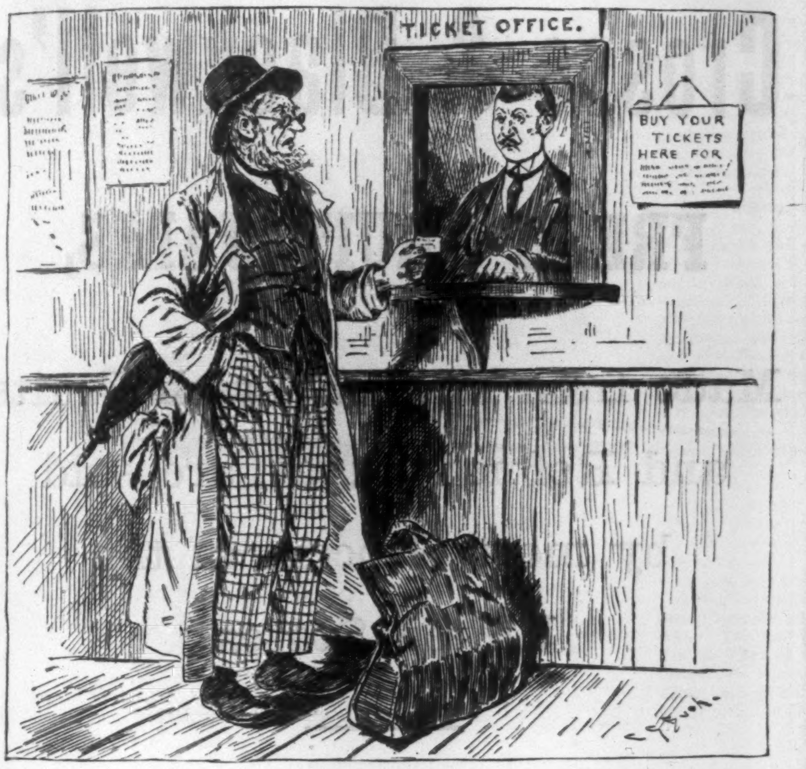
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"You have one, sir."

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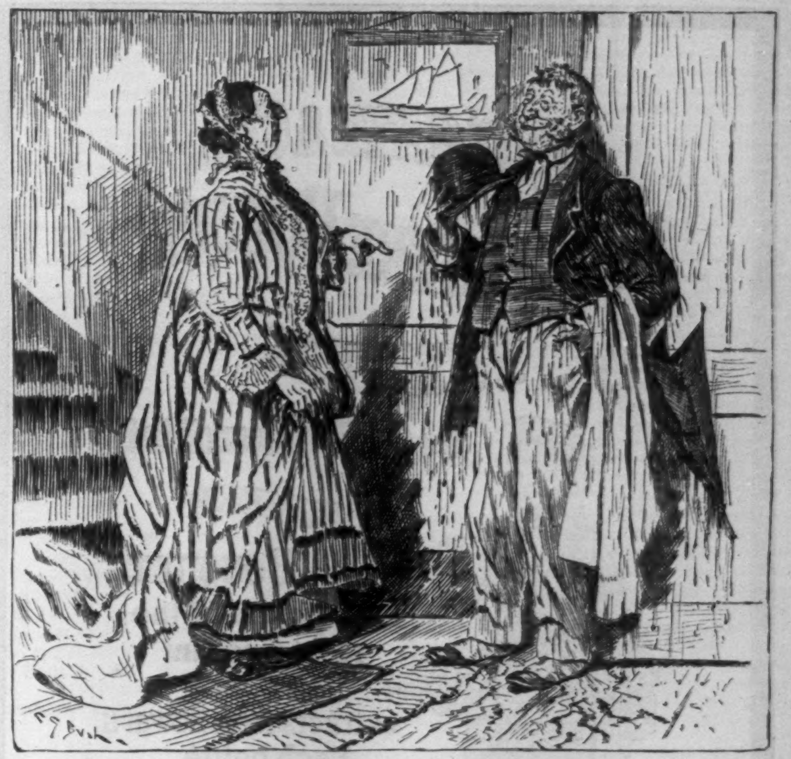

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"Been looking a' the *This-shle*, Mrs. Simpkins."

"It wasn't necessary to get soaking wet looking at the *Thistle*, Simpkins. You had an overcoat and umbrella."

"They wa'n't of mush ushe. Got a bet on th' *This-shle*, 'n I wanted t' shee how she looked un'er washer."

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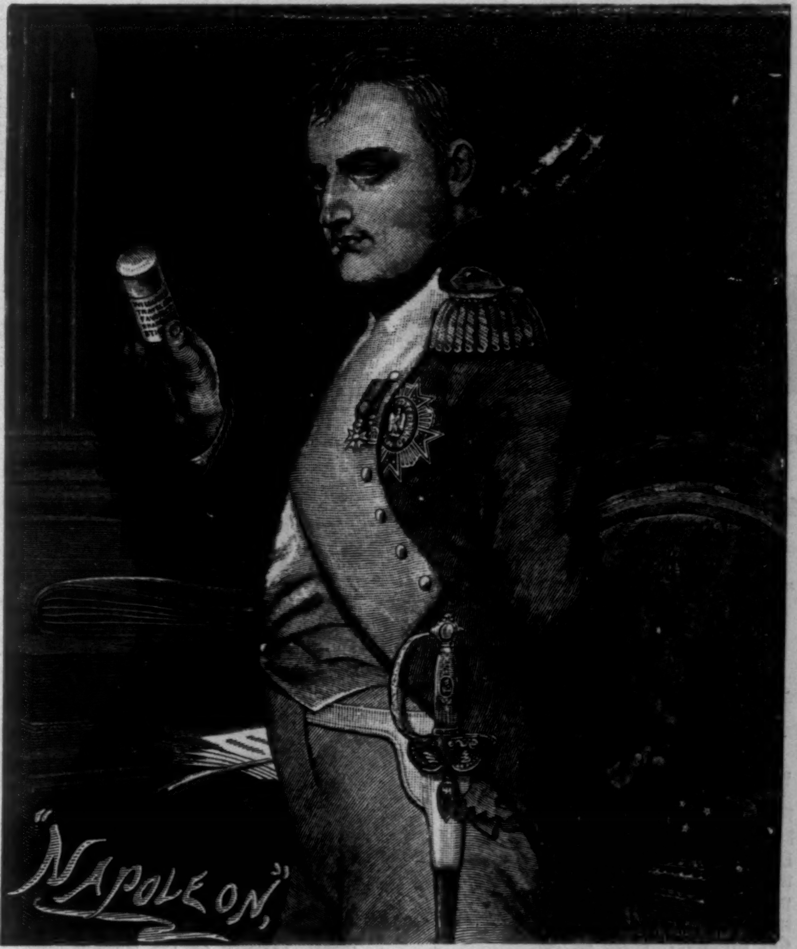

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PETER THE GREAT, *with his determined passion for reform, proclaimed a tax upon beards, and finally decreed that any subject who continued to wear one should have it removed with pincers, or be shaven with a blunt razor.*

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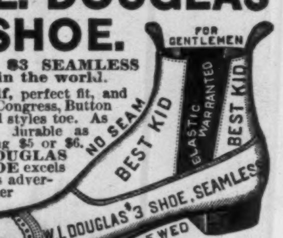

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Each drop the goblet does contain.
This **EFFERVESCING SELTZER** fine
A blessing proves to me and mine.

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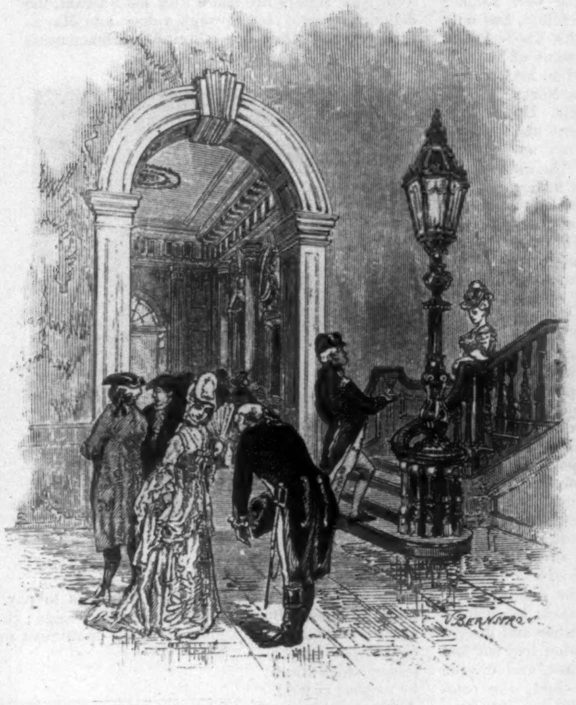


CORRIDOR OF INDEPENDENCE HALL.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF 1787.

The last stalwart grenadiers of King **George** had departed from New York. No longer the reveilles at daydawn. The cross of St. George was to float never again in the thirteen United States as an emblem of kingly sovereignty. The first period of English civilization in this Western world was closed, and the second period, with new institutions of government, distinctively American in character, was about to begin.

There were thirteen States, each having its own government. Their beginnings were the patent of the King; but kingly authority had gone forever, cut off by the sword, and the people of the several States stood in their dignity as sovereigns, as masters of themselves, to do in matters of government whatever they pleased—whatever they could agree to do. They were three millions in number. There was a vast reach of country—sea-coast indented with harbors—reaching from an undefined somewhere on the coast of Maine to the Spanish possessions in Florida, from the Atlantic westward to the Mississippi and northward to the Lakes. There was a narrow border along the Atlantic of towns, villages with church spires and school-houses, hamlets farther inland, farm buildings, cleared fields, pasture-lands; lonely cabins at the foot of the Alleghanies and up the Mohawk and on the shores of Champlain; tobacco plantations with stately mansions in Virginia, rice fields at Edisto and St. Helen's and along the Savannah. Beyond the frontier line of colonies there was only the boundless reach of forest—the home of the Indian—with here and there a military road winding over the mountains to the Ohio. There was a country, there were people, there were States, but no nation. The idea of nationality had hardly dawned even upon the keenest intellect. The people were patriots; they had stood resolutely against the King; had united for common defence, and by much outpouring of blood, by trial, hardship, and patient endurance, had secured the right to self-government, and the world was waiting to see what they would do with it.

The United States in 1781 were like an adventurer in the wilderness — not lost, not knowing whither he is going, but destined to go somewhere; no compass to point the direction, no sun to mark the meridian by day, no polestar at night with pointers in the heavens, no bright constellation to direct his step in the gathering gloom. The sea of years was strewn with wrecks of republics. Greece had had its day and gone down, a cluster of independent states, each with a resplendent history, a great people, but never a nation. The glory and grandeur of Greece was not a beacon flame to light their path, but rather the buoy above a sunken wreck. Wise men—philosophers, statesmen, men of kind feelings toward the American people—predicted failure.

Said the reverend Dean of Gloucester, England: "As to the future grandeur of America, and its being a rising empire under one head, whether republican or monarchical, it is one of the idlest and most visionary notions that ever was conceived even by writers of romance. The mutual antipathies and clashing interests of the Americans, their difference of governments, habitudes, indicate that they will have no centre of union and no common interest. They can never be united into one compact empire under any species of government whatever. A disunited people till the end of time, suspicious and distrustful of each other, they will be divided and subdivided into little commonwealths or principalities, according to natural boundaries by great bays of the sea, and by rivers, lakes, and ridges of mountains."

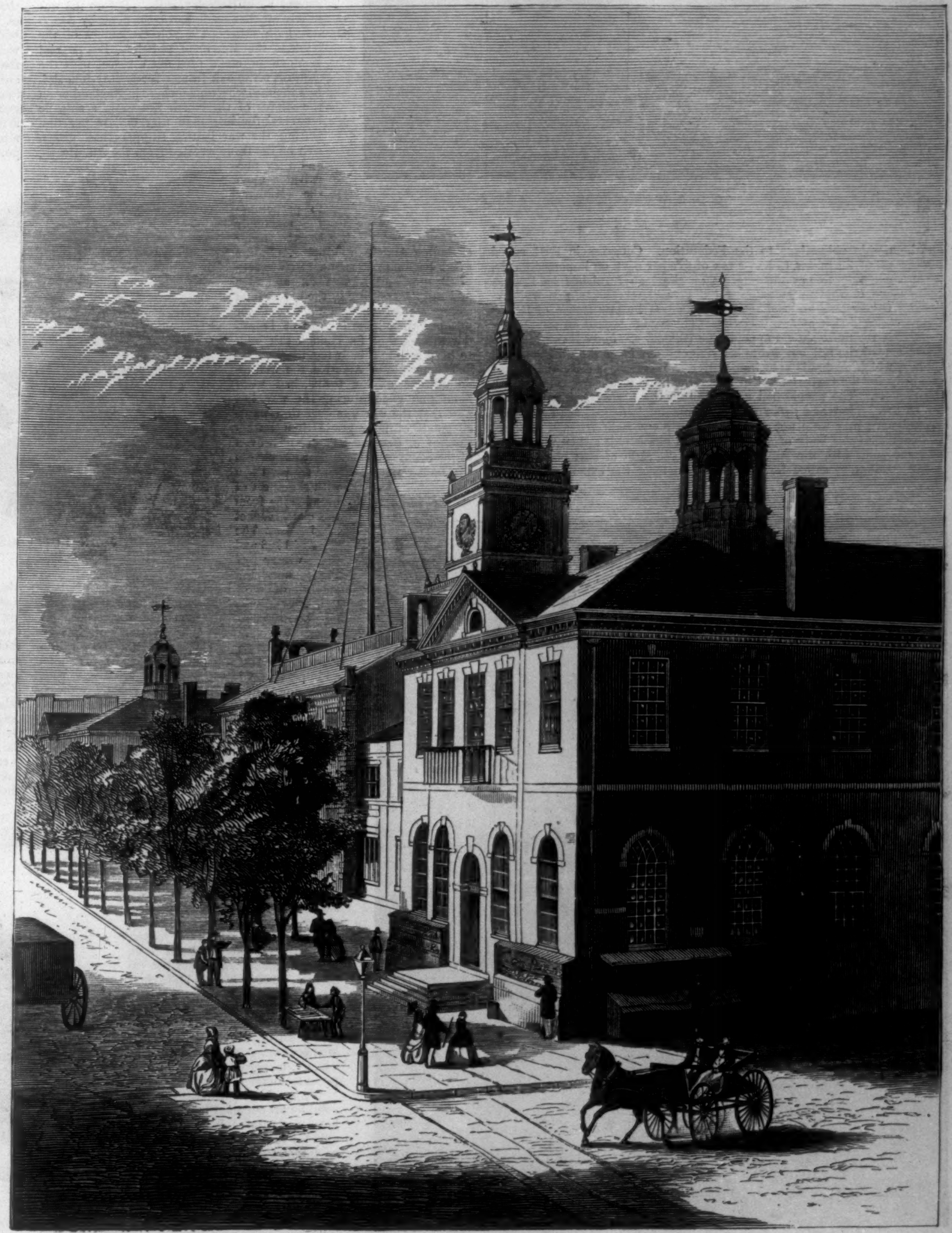
Climate was a bar to the union of a thin, attenuated line of States—so long drawn out that in midwinter, while the people along the Merrimac in New Hampshire were shut in by drifting snows, the planters of South Carolina were enjoying the perfume and beauty of roses and blooming magnolias. In the Northern States a sterile soil, yielding sustenance only to unremitting toil; along the streams of the South a climate and soil admitting the *dolce far niente*—the sweet idleness of life with luxurious living. With diversity of climate there must of necessity be diversity of occupation, habit, custom, ideas of life, giving tone, color, force, and direction to society.

It was one thousand miles from Boston to Savannah. Ship-masters and their crews from New England ports dropped anchor now and then in the harbor of Charleston, or sailed up the estuary of the Savannah, or took a hogshead of tobacco at Alexandria on the Potomac, but very few men of the Northern States had occasion to visit the region south of the Potomac. Seldom was the landlord of the Bunch of Grapes in Boston called upon to furnish food and lodging to a gentleman from the distant South. Not often did Landlord Farmer of New York entertain planters from the banks of the James. Communication by land was infrequent. In New England there were decent country roads. The days of turnpikes had not come. There were bridges over the small streams, but the ferryman took his fee from travellers at Hartford and Springfield. There was a stage plying between Boston and New York, between New York and Philadelphia, making fifty miles per day. Post riders carried the mail in their saddle-bags. Travellers for the most part journeyed by their own private teams.

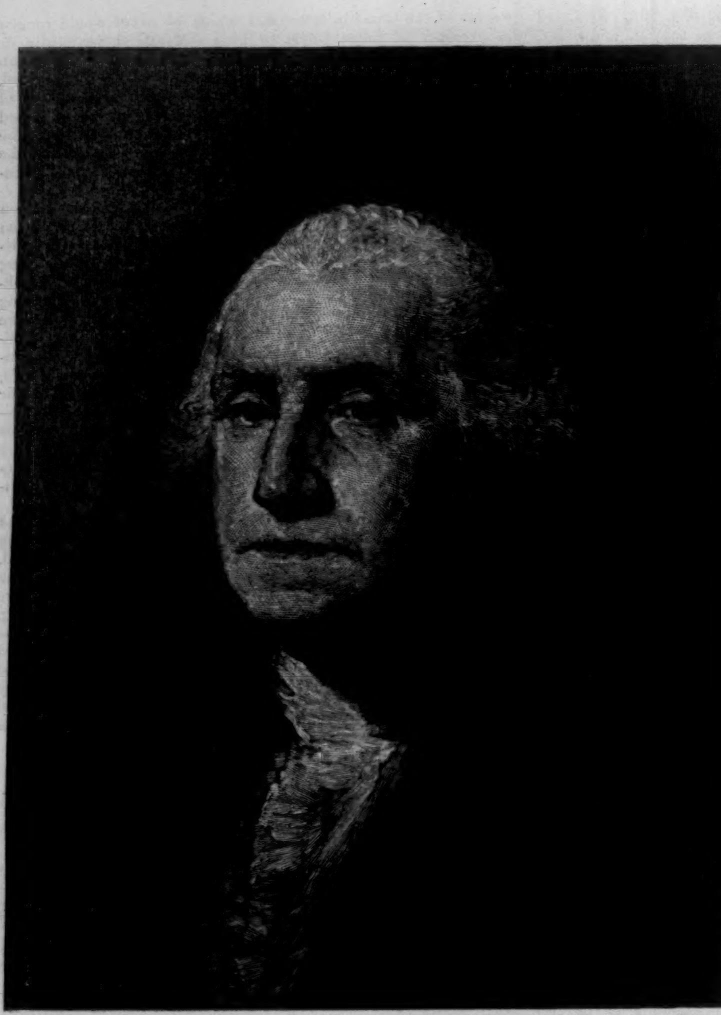
It was a civilization deriving its force, its constructive ideas, from old England, but the people were conglomerate. The four States east of the Hudson were from Puritan England. The beginnings of New York were behind the dikes of Holland. The outlets of New Jersey were in Sweden. Pennsylvania was the outcome of the religious zeal of the non-belligerent **George Fox**, wearer of the broad-brimmed hat, which he never would remove in presence of judge, priest, or king. Maryland, physically divided by the broad waters of the Chesapeake, was tolerant in matters pertaining to religion, while Connecticut, on the other hand, was exceedingly sharp-set. Virginia was the representative of Cavalier England. South Carolina, with the intermingled blood of Huguenot France and old England, was the locality where the Revolutionary struggle became most partisan and bitter, and the line between patriot and Tory most sharply defined. Could a people so diverse ever become a nation?

Slavery had been tolerated in all the colonies—fastened upon them by the greed of England. It had disappeared forever from Massachusetts, was dying out in all the Northern States. In Virginia **Patrick Henry**, **Thomas Jefferson**, and others were doing what they could to hasten the day for its total abolition. Abolition societies were forming, but just then the world was beginning to call for cotton fabrics, and the planters of South Carolina were discovering that nowhere else in the wide world was there a climate so favorable for the production of cotton as along the palmetto-shaded shore of that State, in the parishes of St. John's, Christ Church, St. Helen's, and Colleton. In 1784 they sent their first shipment—eight bags—across the Atlantic. None but African slaves could stand knee-deep in water to cultivate the rice fields, and so the institution which was decaying throughout the North was a constituent of society in the South, demanding recognition, and making its power felt in the formation of the Constitution of 1787, and in founding the nation.

The decade beginning with 1780 was the period of weakness and confusion merging upon anarchy. The little power which the Congress of the Federation wielded in the war was derived, not from any delegated authority from the States, but from the patriotism of the people. The war was over. The patriotic fire was smouldering. Even respect for Congress was rapidly waning. Votes were cast by States in its deliberations and action. It was not easy for the members of that body to bring about concerted action on any vital question, and when a measure was carried there was no certainty that it would be accepted or acted upon by the States. Each State was mindful of its own affairs, careful only for its own weal—how to escape rather than meet its pledges

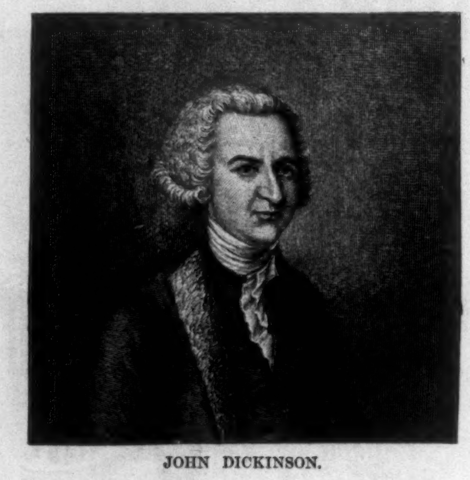


INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.—From an Old Print.



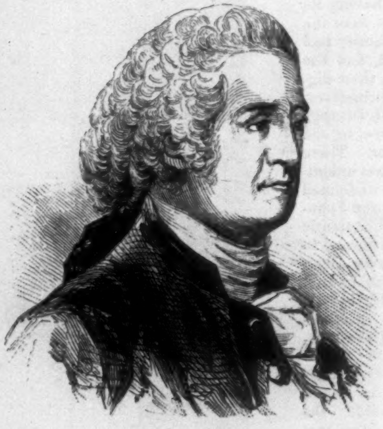
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

and honorable obligations to the Federation. Congress in 1781 asked permission of the States to levy a tax of five per cent. on imported goods, to obtain money to pay the interest on the loan furnished by France. From some of the States came a flat refusal to comply with this request. Others paid no heed to it. The Massachusetts House of Representatives carried it by two majority. The Senate tacked on the amendment that the State should appoint the collectors. **John Hancock**, Governor, vetoed the bill, but wrote his veto one day after the time specified by law, which made his veto inoperative. **Madison**, in Virginia, argued earnestly for the measure, but in vain—the State would not comply with the request. The people had not forgotten the Stamp Act, neither the tax on tea. They had thrown off outside dominion—had achieved State sovereignty; they were not ready to delegate any right attained by heroic struggle to the body of men sitting at Philadelphia; they would not, by compliance with the requisition, admit the right of that body to levy a tax. Congress called for $5,000,000 to meet the expenses of 1783. Each State was to collect its apportioned amount. At the end of the year **Robert Morris**, treasurer of the Federation, had only $422,000 credited on his books, Rhode Island promptly paying her assessment of $38,000. Not one cent stood on his books credited to Delaware, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Up to July, 1785, not $1,000,000 had been collected for 1783, to say nothing of the levy for 1784. The inability of Congress to obtain money for the payment of the soldiers led to the disturbance in the army at Newburgh, which was only quieted by the wisdom, prudence, dignity, and greatness of **Washington**. Then came the spectacle of the disbanding of the army, the departure to their homes of the men who had stood in the Continental line at Saratoga and Yorktown without a penny in their pockets, dependent wholly upon the charity of kind-hearted people. As for the officers, Congress could only issue certificates of promises to pay, which they might possibly change into clothing, boots, or food, at fifty or eighty per cent. discount. We shall see farther on how those depreciated certificates entered into the frame-work of the government, and became one of the greatest factors for good to the republic.



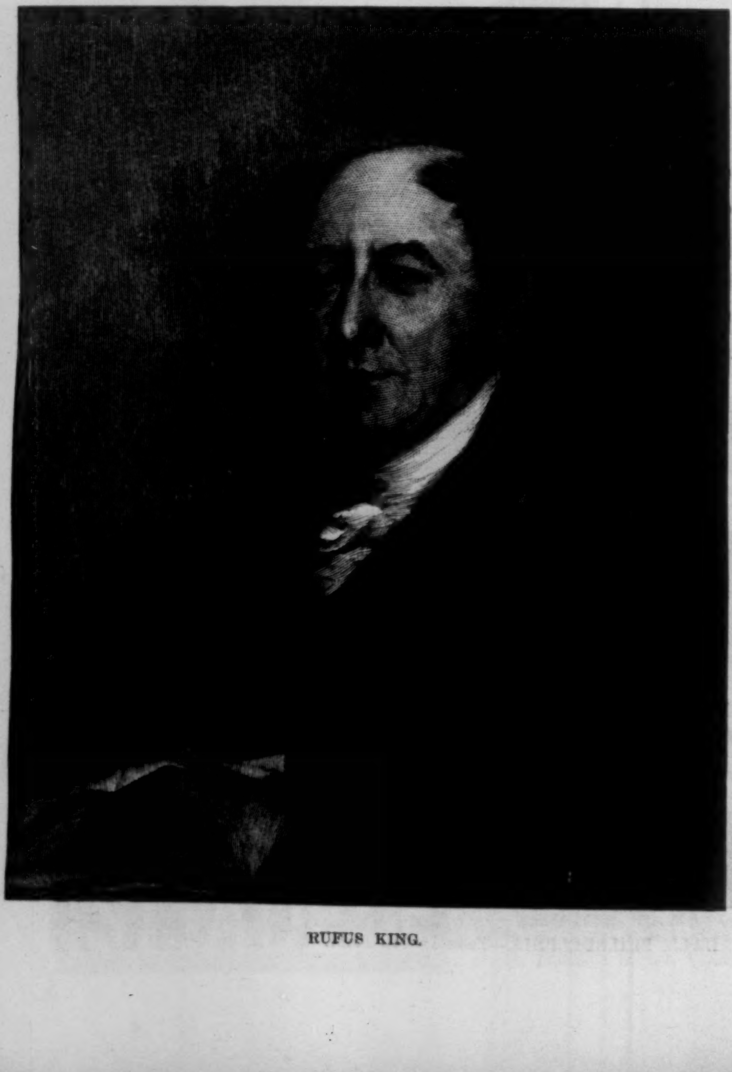
JOHN DICKINSON.

England had lost her colonies; her armies had been defeated. The mother and daughter were at peace, but the mother had not lost her power to aggravate, harass, and cripple her politically independent child, who commercially was weak and helpless. In July, 1783, by an order in Council it was proclaimed that thenceforth all trade between the British West Indies and the United States should be in British vessels. Before the war nearly all that trade had been done by American-built ships. The ship-carpenters on the bank of the Merrimac, at Salem, Boston, and Marblehead, could turn out a vessel with the stoutest white-oak frames for twenty-four dollars the ton, whereas nowhere in England or on the shores of the North Sea could a ship be launched for less than fifty dollars per ton. During the war British shippers had grown rich on the trade wrested from the Americans, and they prevailed upon the Ministry to perpetuate the monopoly by the order excluding American shipping. So the grass began to grow on the wharves of Boston and New York, and rope and sail flapped idly in the breeze, and sailors waited as best they could, or dropped their lines for cod off Labrador to exchange for enough salt junk to keep soul and body together.



JOHN RUTLEDGE.

The people of America, the well-to-do citizens of the towns, had worn homespun goods during the war, but now that the war was over they wanted goods of finer grade than linsey-woolsey or cassimere spun and woven in the country homes. The merchants of London were ready to supply them with the finest of broadcloths from the cloth market of Leeds. The close of 1783 and the winter of 1784 saw the shelves of the dry-goods merchants of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston piled with broadcloths, velvets, velveteens, taffetas, baréges, and every variety of foreign fabric. Out from old chests and secret hiding-places came the purses of beef-heart skins and pigs' bladders, and old stockings with their store of heterogeneous coins—crowns, half-crowns, pistareens, shillings, ninepences, fourpence-halfpennies, sixpences, pennies of English coinage, Mexican and Spanish dollars, pistoles, and doubloons, Portuguese johannies. In a brief period what little coin had been circulating through the country disappeared; suddenly the farmers' wives and daughters who had whirled the spinning-wheel and thrown the shuttle, the farmers who had swingled flax through the winter days, found that there was no demand for linen or woollen clothes; the hard-working men from Hillsborough in New Hampshire or Worcester in Massachusetts who went down to Boston with their butter, cheese, pigs, poultry, bolts of cloth, mittens, and felting, could not exhibit a sixpence in cash upon their return. All trade was by barter, and that at a loss alike to producer and merchant; for with no money afloat, with vessels rotting at the wharves, with no work anywhere, the merchant waited in vain for customers.

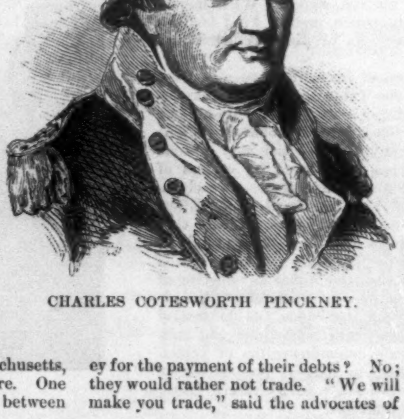


RUFUS KING.

We are to remember that the continental currency had ceased to have any value. It was valuable only for the rag-bag. We are not to forget that in those days the debtor who could not meet his notes could be put into jail, that the jails were crowded with poor debtors, that poor debtors were in flight from New Hampshire to Massachusetts, from Massachusetts to New Hampshire. One debtor happened to live on the line between the States—his house in both. When the sheriff from New Hampshire came with his warrant, the delinquent could step through a door into Massachusetts, and when the officer of Massachusetts law rapped at the door, the debtor's wife informed him that her husband had gone to New Hampshire.

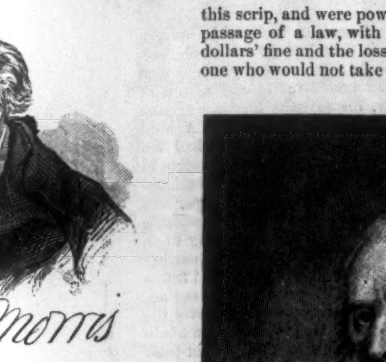
There had been no coinage by the United States. There was no government mint—nothing but the paper-mill and printing-press for the manufacture of promises to pay. Congress had issued many millions. But Congress was not sovereign; the States were sovereign. It was argued, even by men of sense upon most questions, that the State could issue paper money which would be as good as gold. A currency of some kind must be had; and notwithstanding the fact that the paper money of Congress had become utterly worthless, the idea that paper money authorized by the State would be as good as specie took firm hold upon the minds of a large portion of the people. In 1786 it was the all-absorbing question, discussed in bar-rooms, shop and store, and in town-meeting. The Legislature of Rhode Island by a great majority authorized the issue of half a million dollars in scrip to be loaned to farmers on mortgage of their farms at twice the amount of the loan. The store-keepers eyed the scrip askance. If they parted with their broadcloth, rum, molasses, axes, and shovels, and took the scrip in payment, how could they convert it into money for the payment of their debts? No; they would rather not trade. "We will make you trade," said the advocates of

BENJAMIN FRA

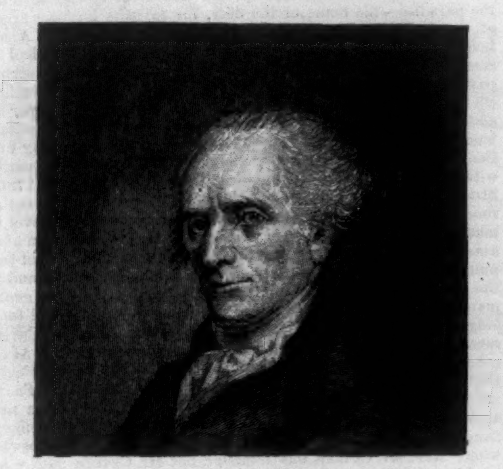


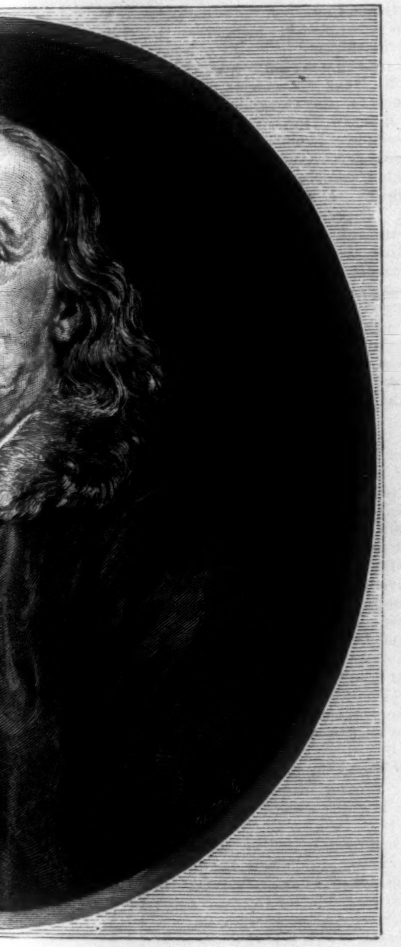
CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.

ROBERT M

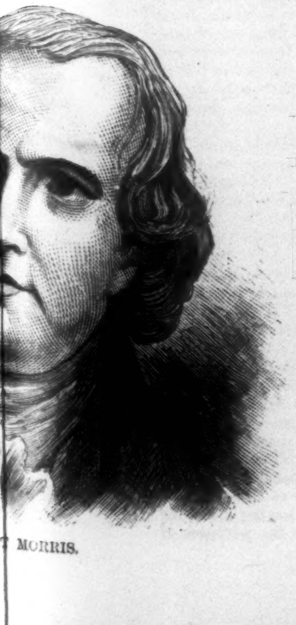


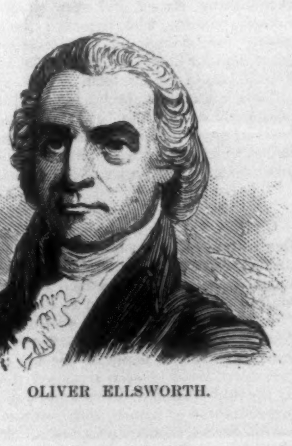
this scrip, and were powerful enough to obtain the passage of a law, with a penalty of five hundred dollars' fine and the loss of the right to vote to any one who would not take the scrip in trade. Whereupon the merchants put up their shutters and locked their doors. The farmers, not to be beaten, resolved to take no more chickens, lambs, wheat, or corn to New York. They would starve the merchants into submission. JOHN WEEDEN, of New York, refused to take scrip from a hard-working cabinet-maker for a piece of meat, and was complained of. Connecticut, which was opening her ports to England and closing them to Massachusetts, was indignant at New York, and the merchants of New London signed a compact not to send a yard of cloth, a cheese, or firkin of butter, or anything else, to New York for a period of twelve months, biting their own noses, in a penalty of $250.


ELBRIDGE GERRY.

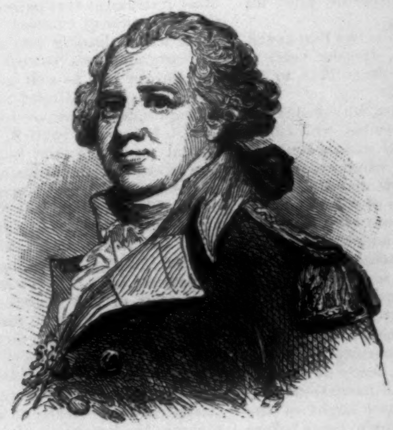

RANKLIN.

In Massachusetts the discontent, the hardship, privation, stagnation of trade, paper money, suffering of the poor, imprisonment for debt, culminated in armed rebellion under DANIEL SHAYS, captain during the war. There were riots at Worcester and Concord. SHAYS's army grew to more than one thousand. They plundered farm-houses, helped themselves to food, increasing in number to two thousand, marched to Springfield to seize the arms in the arsenal, but were held at bay by the militia. It was midwinter, not a propitious time for supporting an army, which soon came to grief, and was dispersed by the militia under General LINCOLN, of Revolutionary fame. Not only in Massachusetts, but throughout the country, there were commotion and disturbance—society at a stand-still. Each State was sovereign, but all were working at cross-purposes. There must be greater wisdom and harmony, some common end, or the thirteen States which had cut loose from Old World methods of government would drift into hopeless anarchy.


T MORRIS.


OLIVER ELLSWORTH.

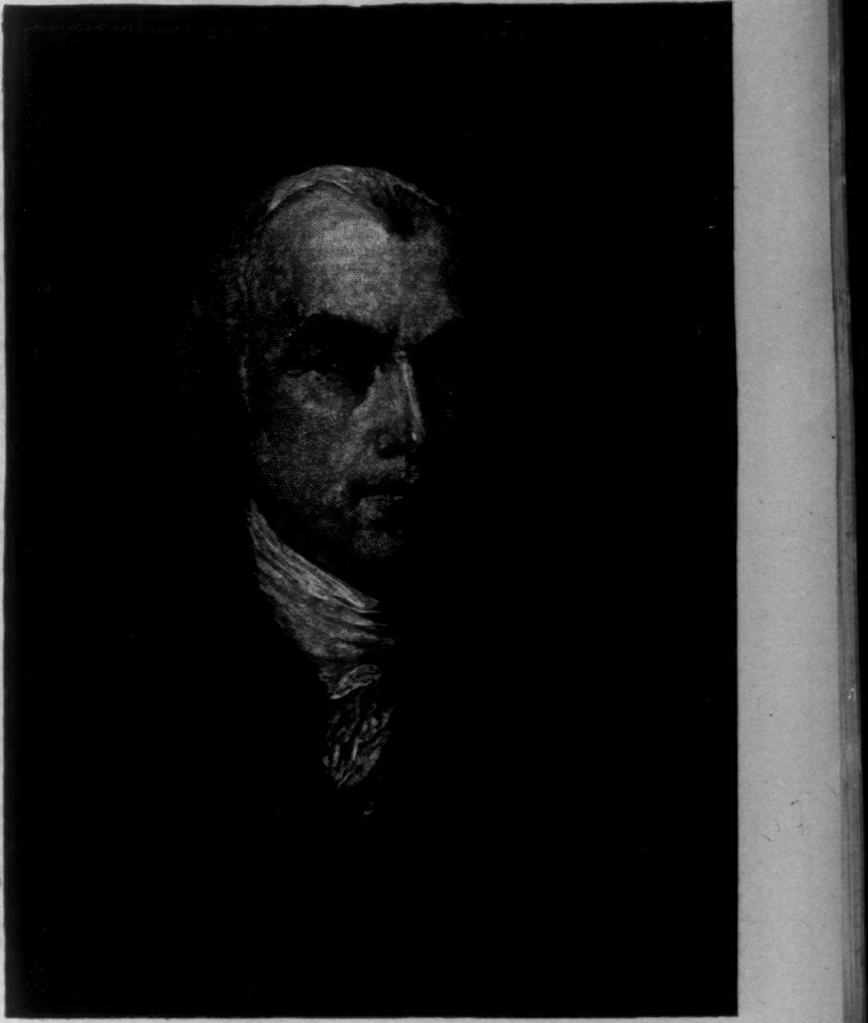
From the outbreak of the conflict with Great Britain there had been glimmerings of nationality. On the morning of April 19, 1775, SAM ADAMS, patriot, in the Rev. JONAS CLARKE's house at Lexington, Massachusetts, wakened from sleep by the hoofs of Deacon LARKIN's mare clattering on the road from Boston, hearing the bell in the meeting-house ringing the alarm, exclaimed, "What a glorious morning!" He was thinking of a future America free and independent of kingly rule—of the rise of the people to a loftier plane of government, to an enlargement of liberty, to the securing of right; but what the shape or features of the rising Goddess of Liberty were to be he could not know. The instinct of common danger assembled the first Continental Congress. The sense of right gave the Declaration of Independence to the world. Patriotism, pure and simple, fixed the determination to cut loose from kingly rule, and had kept the breath of life in the decaying Continental Congress. With clearer comprehension than all others—the comprehension which came from experience—WASHINGTON on June 8, 1781, presented some of the outlines of a future national government in a circular addressed to the Governors and Presidents of the several States. Through the war he, beyond all others, had opportunity to know the weakness of the Federation of States—how powerless to command or execute, how little it could do for the common weal, with each State supreme in its individual sovereignty. The wonder is that it accomplished so much. At the beginning the intense patriotism of the people had given strength and vigor to its recommendations. The people were like children at school, greatly respecting at the outset the dignity of the master, but gradually becoming unmindful of duty and honorable obligation, and at last holding the master in contempt, and refusing to pay for the support of the school. WASHINGTON reminded the States that though they were free and independent, they were not a nation. To become a nation there must be a government strong enough to enforce its own laws. He maintained that the expenses of the war must be paid; that the militia of the several States must be organized on a uniform plan; that there must be a giving up of some things belonging to State sovereignty for the attainment of the common good. It was wise counsel, but, like the seed of the sower upon the beaten pathway, put forth no roots. The country was not ready for a national government. Only after great hardship, not till State sovereignty had led them to the borders of anarchy, through sheer necessity, would they rise to the dignity, greatness, and power of a nation. It is poetic license, that line in "Paul Revere's Ride,"


THOMAS MIFFLIN

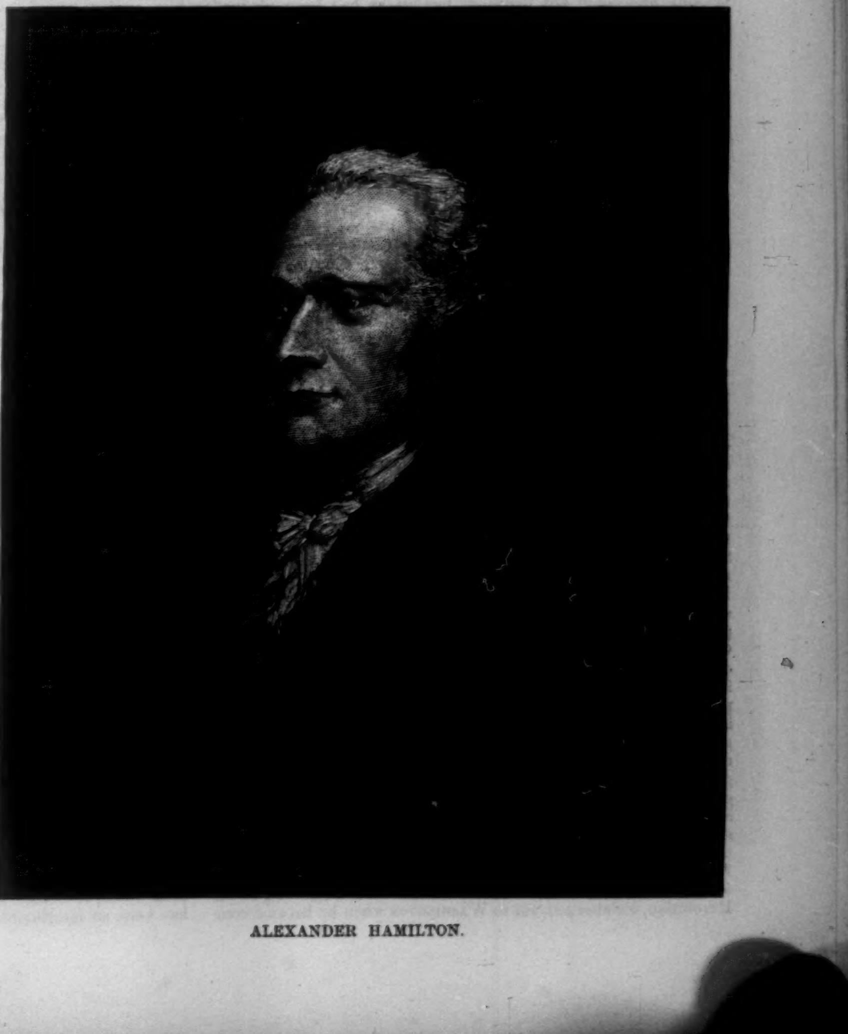
> "The fate of a nation was riding that night."

The nation was all of the future. The people, the colonies—which were to bloom into sovereign States and into the Federation of States—these existed; but a decade must go by before a nation could burst into flower. The States were slow to ratify the old Articles of Federation. Not till March, 1781, did Maryland give in her adhesion to that compact. She waited for the settlement of the question as to who owned the vast region of territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. Several States claimed portions of it, under the charters granted by the King of England to the colonies. Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut claimed each a portion in the region of the Great Lakes. Virginia had not only been recognized by the King as the dominion, but had sent her soldiers to take military possession of Ohio and Kentucky, while North Carolina laid claim to Tennessee. Maryland had made a motion in Congress that "the United States, in Congress assembled, shall have the sole and exclusive right and power to ascertain and fix the western boundary of such States as claim to the Mississippi." Further, Congress was to lay out the land into new States as settlements advanced. To do this the States claiming ownership in that region must first surrender their claims to the United States.

Surrender sovereignty? Never! The motion of Maryland was made in 1777, two days after the surrender of BURGOYNE, before the news reached Philadelphia; but not till 1781, when New York and Virginia surrendered their claims, would Maryland ratify the old Articles of Federation. It was a surrendering of a little segment of sovereignty. Massachusetts stood out till April 19, 1784—the ninth anniversary of Lexington—before surrendering her claim.


JAMES MADISON.

Thus the United States under the Federation became owner in common of that region embracing Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The crystallization of the nation had begun. THOMAS JEFFERSON, in 1784, proposed that Congress should divide the domain thus acquired by common consent into ten States, proposing the names of Sylvania, Michigania, Cherronesus, Assenisipia, Metropotamia, Illinoia, Saratoga, Washington, Polypotamia, and Pelisipia. People laughed at his profound names. He gave these outlines of what the States should be: they must have republican forms of government, must pay their share of the general debt, must forever remain a part of the United States, and after the year 1800 slavery in those States should be forever prohibited. He hoped to see slavery die a natural death by forbidding its extension and perpetuation. To carry a measure in the Congress of


ALEXANDER HAMILTON.